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THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 33. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

The Outing of the Lake County, Ind., Hibernians a Gratifying Success—The Unaccountable Absence of Cook County Brethren—Meeting of the County Board.

Interesting Picnic of Division 33 at the World's Fair Grove — Stirring Programme of Games—Escapades of Some Young Malignant Idiots Who Should Be Suppressed.

The outing of the Lake county, Ind., Hibernians was held in Casino Grove, and was a very representative gathering of the men of Whiting and East Chicago.

It was somewhat strange that so few of the Cook county A. O. H. were present, as street car transportation is of the best and most convenient.

In the evening some speech-making occupied an hour or more, and among those on the platform were Brothers Mat Kerins, J. Ahern, Owen Ahern, Jas. Murphy, Ed. O'Hara, Jas. Donegan, J. McGuire, F. Doyle, President Heelan, of Div. 30, and many others.

Brother Kerins was County President for many years, and presided during the exercises, opening the proceedings in a neat and well-worded address, at the conclusion of which he introduced State President Keating, of Illinois, who spoke on the A. O. H. as an active and successful society, and was followed by Mr. Ed. O'Hara, President of Whiting Town Council. I take this opportunity of complimenting the independent citizens of Whiting in the selection of so able an official as Mr. O'Hara, whose capacity and intelligence are apparent at first glance. Born and reared among the enterprising Irish-Americans of Ohio, Mr. O'Hara will prove a credit to his race and his town.

After speaking was over dancing and other amusements were resumed, keeping the crowd together until midnight. The committees in charge deserve much praise for their excellent work and the good results achieved.

The County Board meeting on Sunday was more than usually interesting. A very able report, full of meat, was submitted by County President Henely, and its contents discussed under the proper head. In connection with other important matters contained in the report, the County Board took steps to act on the suggestions, appointing committees on some and referring others to the divisions for consideration.

A committee was appointed to investigate picnic grounds and report on convenience and figures at meeting of County Board in October, securing options on several until date mentioned, for third Sunday in July.

Divisions were by motion requested to instruct their officers on suitable date for picnic and asked to consider advisability of holding event on third Sunday in July. Some debate on the question of Sunday picnics, indicates a diversity of opinion on the propriety of such picnics, which, in all probability, will be thrashed out at division meetings.

It was also decided that the divisions be requested to voice their opinions and instruct their representatives on the advisability of holding an annual ball, and it was suggested that as possible dates for same St. Patrick's night, eve of Washington's birthday and third Saturday in December should be considered. All those reports will be received at meeting of County Board in October, which promises an interesting session for that date.

The picnic of Div. 33 was one of the brightest and most enjoyable held in the county, bar none. It was, in fact, a reunion of the members of Divs. 33, 36 and 37 in the leafy World's Fair grove. Among those outside the above divisions present were Brother Reynolds, of Div. 26; Brother James Flanagan, of Div. 16; Brother J. J. Hanahan, of Div. 2; Brothers Thomas and O'Shea, of Div. 19; Brothers Baker and Bergin, of Div. 23. It was more than a mere picnic; it was a sociable gathering of the truest element on the south side south of Thirty-ninth street. The arrangements were perfect. It is seldom so excellent and capable a committee is found in management as that which included Brothers W. A. Cunnea, P. Ryan, Thos. Clifford, Ed. Brennan, Jas. J. Ryan, C. J. Fitzpatrick, John Callahan, Ed. Clare and D. Moran. At the churches were distributed 50,000 dodgers, which well advertised the occasion and held out the following inducements to attend: Grand tug-of-war contest—Div. 33 vs. Div. 37, Div. 36 vs. Div. 2—the winners to compete for six gold badges of the order. All kinds of races, for which were awarded the following beautiful prizes: Boys' race, base ball bat; girls' race, beautiful doll; young men's race, silk necktie; young ladies' race, latest out silver belt; married ladies' race, something for the baby; married men's race, a prize that will please your wife. "The dodgers fetched 'em," said Bro. Clifford, as the crowd poured in the gate. The fun commenced when the representatives of Div. 37 marched in, headed by Brothers J. J. Dohney and Frank J. Ryan. The Englewood men knew they were the center of attraction and expanded their muscles in an awe inspiring way, which raised dismay in the hearts of the backers of Div. 33. The men of Div. 37 gathered arouud their two leaders, while Brother Dohney chanted, "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave." Then, worked to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, Div. 37 seized the rope to pull the Hyde Parkers over among the Psalmists of Sixty-third and Halsted streets. At the other side of the line sat Brother John Foley and his gallant men, modestly resigned to their fate and wondering what excuse they would give for defeat. In a moment of forgetfulness Brother Foley's boys gave a sharp, quick pull and, to their horror, jerked the athletes of Div. 37 up amid the umbrageous foliage of the park. It was a grave lack of hospitality to beat the visitors and guests, and dismay wreathed the faces of Brothers Ryan and Dohney. The first named cast one reproachful look at Brother Murt Tobin and disappeared, while Brother Dohney improvised a ballad entitled, "We're conquered, but we're not dead," and wailed it to the air of "Mabouchaleen's Lament." It was a great tug. The competing teams were: For Div. 33—John Foley, captain; Con Ryan, Joseph O'Connell, James Sheehan, Ed. Brennan, Dan Moran. Div. 37—Murt Tobin, captain; Mat Gleason, Pat Hernan, Mike Tobin, Mike Reardon, Mike White. Success to Div. 33.

The comic features of the day's experiences were many and startling. Brother Michael Tobin, anxious to please his spouse, girded his loins and sprinted in the winner of the married men's race. Blushing with honors amid the plaudits of his friends he eagerly tore away the cord, undid the parcel and fainted; for neatly rolled, trimmed with pretty ribbon and dainty lace, his prize proved to be a lady's night robe. President Cunnea won the prize for married ladies' race. How, why or wherefore he was entitled to compete, history or umpires sayeth not. The crowd was thickest around the spot where Brother Baker's hard-headed Senegambian was dodging the efforts of some young men to test the quality of the wool which covered his sconce. Where Brother Tom picked up this darky is one of the mysteries back of the yards. There is one thing noticeable about him, when his mouth is open there is not much of his face left. Brother Baker avenges the "digger" when hit by presenting the successful thrower with certain cigars of a fearsome and a wondrous flavor.

The picnic was an undoubted success, and I heartily congratulate the division and its officers.

Apropos of picnics I desire to draw our friends attention to one class of nuisance which is fast becoming unbearable at such places. I refer to the antics of the hobble-de-hoys, neither men nor boys, who late in the evening begin to distinguish themselves for freaks which scare any women or children remaining on the grounds. My attention was drawn to an unfettered idiot who persisted in riding a bicycle among the groups of people at a scorcher's speed. It would be a most commendable act if one of the police had punctured his tire or his head—one was as empty as the other—with a club. Such acts are out of place, and without the women and children the affair can not be called a picnic.

I notice the work of uniting both wings of the A. O. H. is progressing very favorably. The Right Rev. Bishop McFaul of Trenton, N. J., has been selected as arbitrator, and at the present writing the representatives of both sides are before the Bishop submitting the question for his decision. It is hoped it will prove the final act of this long struggle for unity.

The Irish societies of Kansas City are in trouble over Sunday picnics. The clergy are denouncing the custom and the bishop has issued a circular condemning the practice. It is bound to come sometime in all communities and we may as well learn now what the A. O. H. of Cook county will do toward getting rid of the idea that a picnic cannot be made a success of on any day except Sunday. Every person who advocates a Sunday picnic is an enemy of the Saturday half holiday. The cry of poverty has nothing to do with the question. The longer our hours of work the poorer we are in intelligence, position and means. The Saturday half holiday can become a fixed institution if an effort is made by the workingmen themselves. Aside from the foregoing how can a society of Catholics who parade to church twice a year, and avow repeatedly their devotion to church and precept, claiming the applause of nations because of their fidelity to faith, can they consistently make the Sabbath day one of public entertainment, barter and custom disapproved alike by priest and layman? Let us think before we act.

MOR.

Ferris Wheel Park.

The twelfth successful week at the Ferris Wheel will be ushered in this coming Sunday, with a repetition of those excellent bills which have made the Ferris Wheel the premier popular outdoor place of amusement in Chicago. A year ago high class vaudeville was inaugurated at the wheel, when the performances jumped the Ferris Wheel at once into prominence, and the excellent character of the bills have been so carefully considered that, in this second midsummer season, the patronage has been such as to completely test the capacity of the Park at every performance. The bill for this coming week will include Charles Wayne, Henry Howard, and his performing ponies; Miss Myrtle Hauch, prima donna contralto; Gilbert Girard, the imitator; the popular Stewart Sisters; West and West; Carrie Scott and many others. The Miniature World's Fair continues to attract many visitors, and the free wheel rides week-day afternoons are a popular addenda to this most popular Park. The extreme low price of admission, 25 cents, entitled the Park patrons to the vaudeville performance and rides in the big wheel every afternoon except Sunday.

THE IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

The following letter has been sent to Mr. William Lyman, President, Irish National Alliance, America, by the Irishmen of the Transvaal, whose request to have it published we cordially comply with:

To William Lyman, Esq., President Irish National Alliance, America.

DEAR SIR—Filled with the desire of greeting our countrymen at home with a message of hope from the South African Republic simultaneously with the arrival in the old land of our brethren of America to celebrate the ever-glorious memory of the men of '98—whose blood remains for us to avenge, whose principles animate us, and whose object it is the ambition of our lives to achieve—we desire you would make such arrangements in conjunction with the '98 committee, London, as to ensure the landing together in Ireland of the Irish citizens of the two republics which have, so far, advanced in moral, intellectual and material greatness, since their peoples—with better fortune, but not greater valor than our forefathers—freed themselves by the only weapons with which liberty can be won from the brutalising and blasting rule of England.

While eager to join fervently in honoring the patriot dead, we are wishful that the ceremony may be no mere formality—no empty parade about the graves and memorials of the United Irishmen; but the home coming of the Exiled Clan-na-Gael to fan the ashes of the martyrs into a pillar of fire which shall guide our people to the Temple of Freedom.

Let the Irish Nation honor '98 by repudiating for ever above the graves of its heroes that sham miscalled "constitutional action." Let us declare to the world from the hilltops where the men of the North, the South, the East, and the West laid down their lives for Ireland free, that there is no constitution and no law in our country—but English misrule is maintained there at the point of 40,000 bayonets; that the Irish people do not crave for Home Rule or Repeal of the Union, but ask the sympathy of all freemen in their coming struggle to sweep the last vestige of English domination away, and uplift the flag of '98 above a free, happy, and prosperous people.

Twenty years ago, against the solemn protest of the inhabitants of the Transvaal the Robber English hoisted their ensign over this country, and enslaved its people. As years before they had filched Kimberly from the Orange Free State, so they seized advantage of the temporary weakness of the Boer Nation to rob its country, and boasted exultantly that so long as the sun shone their flag should wave above the land. Like British treaties, British boasts were made to be broken, and within four years the soldiers of England were flying panic-stricken before the gallant Dutch burghers, and the Union Jack was trampled in the dust by the victors of Brunkhardspruit, Laing's Neck, and Majuba.

Britons boast that the sun never sets on their empire; but it is the proud boast of Irishmen that it never sets on its enemies either.

When we reflect on what a few thousand men, animated with the love of liberty and hatred of oppression, were able to accomplish, it fills us with confidence for the future of Ireland.

But in this country the ministers of religion have never taught submission to tyranny, and Christianity has never been perverted to the support of despotism.

Bidding you a hearty God speed in the good work, trusting to greet you in our beloved country, and praying God we may in our generation take part in an Irish Majuba, we remain, dear sir, fraternally yours,

C. E. O'DRISCOLL,
J. P. GERAGHTY,
S. GILLINGHAM,
JOHN R. WHELAN,
ARTHUR GRIFLITH, } Pretoria.

ARTHUR GRIFLITH, Middleburg.
EDWARD M'CANN.

THOS. CONNOLLY,
D. H. DOUGHERTY,
T. DUFFIN,
ANDREW GILL,
HENRY M'CANN,
JOHN M'BRIDE, } Johannesburg.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

NEGRO MAN-EATERS.

The Horrors of Cannibalism in Central Africa Graphically Set forth by Capt. Henry L. Hinde, Who Has Written a Thrilling Book Upon the Ghastly Subject.

Men, Women and Children Eaten by Wholesale—Human Flesh Preferred to That of Animals—Baron Dhanis and His Army of 6,000 Men Killed and Eaten by Ravenous and Epicurean Savages.

(Irish Weekly Independent.)

The news flashed around the world a few weeks ago that the second expedition led by Baron Dhanis from the Congo Free State to the headwaters of the Nile had been destroyed by the natives. Every member of it, including Baron Dhanis himself, has been massacred.

This means that the slave trade, the scandal of the earth, has a fresh lease of life. It means that a new impetus is given to cannibalism.

There can be no doubt that Baron Dhanis and his followers were made to furnish a horrible feast for the tribes that overcame them. The revelations of Captain Sidney Langford Hinde made no other conclusion possible.

Strange that the publication of Capt. Hinde's book, "The Fall of the Congo Arabs," should be almost co-incident with the news of the destruction of the second expedition.

Capt. Hinde was second in command of the first expedition, which started in 1892. For two years the Belgian forces were in deadliest warfare with the Zanzibar Arab slave-traders and the tribesmen who were under their domination.

In this volume of Capt. Hinde are graphic stories of fighting with men and natural conditions, but far more interesting are the descriptions of native life and character.

No other writer has told so much about these people. None has considered so fully and carefully the practice of cannibalism. Herein does the medical man stand forth more prominently than the soldier.

Capt. Hinde is no dealer in horrors. He has gathered a mass of evidence and information which he considers calmly and scientifically, that the world may know some of the secrets hidden in the dark land.

The congress which will meet in Belgium the coming autumn to consider means of doing away with the dreadful things in equatorial Africa will find much for consideration in Capt. Hinde's book. No man had better opportunity for studying the natives than Capt. Hinde. He was in constant association with large bodies of them.

Therefore it will be seen that Capt. Hinde writes of his own knowledge. He points out that the great travelers, such as Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley and Wissman, frequently refer in their works to the simple fact that the peoples they passed through were cannibals, but all details or statements of the canses that led to these references have usually been omitted. Capt. Hinde continues:

"So far as I have been able to discover nearly all the tribes of the Congo Basin either are or have been cannibals, and among some of them the practice is on the increase. Races who until lately do not seem to have been cannibals, though situated in a country surrounded by cannibal races, have from increased intercourse with their neighbors learned to eat human flesh, for since the entry of Europeans into the country greater facilities for traveling and greater safety for travelers have come about.

"Formerly the people who wandered from their own neighborhood among the surrounding tribes were killed and eaten, and so did not return among their people to enlighten them by showing them that human flesh was useful as an article of food.

"Soon after the station of Equator was established the residents discovered that a wholesale human traffic was being carried on by the natives of the district between this station and Lake M'Zumba. The most daring were the tribes about Irebo, whose practice was to ascend the River Lulunga with large armed parties and raid among the natives on its banks.

"These people, though a well-built, sturdy race, were not a fighting people. When the raiders had collected a sufficient number to fill their canoes they returned to the Congo and carried them up the Oubangi, where they were sold to the natives to serve as food.

"The captains of the steamers that go up the Oubangi have often assured me that whenever they try to buy goats from the natives slaves are demanded in exchange, and the natives often come on board with tusks of ivory or other money with the intention of buying a slave, compaining that meat is now scarce in their neighborhood.

"Judging from what I have seen of these people, they seem fond of eating human flesh, and, though it may be an acquired taste, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that they prefer human flesh to any other.

"During all the time I lived among cannibal races I never came across a single case of their eating any kind of flesh raw. They invariably either boil, roast or smoke it. We could never buy smoked meats in the markets, it being impossible to be sure that it was not human flesh."

The fact that different individuals of tribes have preference for different parts of the human body struck Capt. Hinde as most interesting. He says that during the two years of war the expedition reaped the only advantage that could be claimed for the custom. In the night following a battle the human wolves disposed of all the dead, treating friend and foe alike.

The author fell in with cannibals almost at the beginning. When he embarked on a steamer to go up the Kasai river he found that the crew of sixty Bengala were all cannibals. The captain describes them as "a very intelligent and useful people."

It was while the expedition was at Lusambo, where Capt. Hinde joined Commandant Dhanis, that the commissary of the district discovered that a regular human traffic was being carried on, the people of the Upper Resongo, themselves cannibals, being in the habit of selling slaves and children lower down the river for food. Sentries were placed on the river with orders to take or fire on any canoes descending the river with children on board. The traffic was stopped.

A man who accompanied Commandant Dhanis in the attack on Gorgo Lutete, Tippu Tip's slave-trader, shot a man while on sentry duty. He sought the commandant and "complained that the spy he had shot was his father, and that it was very hard lines, since he was unable to eat him." He divided the remains among his friends, however.

It is plain that the natives do not look upon cannibalism as a thing forbidden.

"The Bengala have told me, when on shooting parties I remonstrated with them for only breaking the wings and legs of wounded game instead of killing it outright, that it was better to let the bird linger, as it made the flesh more tender.

"This led to conversation, in which they explained that when at home and when about to prepare a feast the prisoner or slave who was to form the piece de resistance had always his arms or legs broken three days beforehand, and then was placed in a stream or pool of water, chin-deep, with his head tied to a stick to prevent him from committing suicide or perhaps falling asleep and thus being drowned.

"On the third day he was taken out and killed, the meat then being very tender. Though I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, I have heard it from different men at different times, and it is curious that they always break the legs and wings or arms, as the case might be, of birds and monkeys before killing them.

"One day a young Basongo chief came to the commandant while at dinner in his tent and asked for the loan of his knife, which, without thinking, the commandant lent him. He immediately disappeared behind the tent and cut the throat of a little slave girl belonging to him, and was in the act of cooking her when one of our soldiers saw him and reported what he was doing.

"This cannibal was put in irons, but some two months later I found him in such a wretched condition that, fearing he would die, I took him out of the chains and gave him his liberty with a warning. Scarcely a fortnight had passed when he was brought in by some of our Hansa soldiers, who said he was eating children in and about our cantonments. In a bag slung around his neck we found the leg and arm of a young child. He was taken out and shot as an incorrigible.

"Shortly after this a number of prisoners of war took to deserting, and, finding out in which direction they went, we demanded of the great chief of the district that they should be given up to us. He replied that, with the exception of one prisoner, they had all been eaten, and sent thirty-seven slaves in exchange. The one he returned was a little boy servant of mine. He found a friend in the village, and was the only one who escaped.

"Prisoners or servants have often spoken to me in this manner:—'We want meat; we know you have not enough goats or fowls to be able to spare us some, but give us that man (indicating one of their number); he is a lazy fellow, and you'll never get any good out of him, so you may as well give him to us to eat.'"

One of the finest tribes Capt. Hinde met were the Balubas. They are agriculturalists, ironworkers and clothmakers.

"Until quite recently they were not cannibals," the author writes, "and even now the men only eat their enemies who fall in battle. All the Balubas, both men and women, have their teeth filed and pointed, but though this is often considered a habit peculiar to cannibal races, I have often noticed that it is by no means an invariable custom among them, and that many inveterate cannibal tribes do not make it a custom."

The Bakussa tribe of the Batetela race were found by Capt. Hinde to be the most inveterate cannibals. He writes:

"During excursions in the neighborhood of their town I, on more than one occasion, saw a public execution. When the chief of the town, who is of course an absolute monarch, decides that a man must die he hands him over to the people. He is immediately torn to pieces and disappears as quickly as a hare is broken up by a pack of hounds.

"Every man lays hold of him at once with one hand, and with the other whips off a piece with his knife; no one stops to kill him first, for he would by so doing lose his piece.

"More than once, after a drumhead courtmartial, when a spy or deserter was shot, the onlookers have said to us: 'Why do you bury him? It's no use. When you are gone we shall, of course, dig him up.'

"Hanging fetishes over the grave with a view to preventing the people from touching it for fear of magic had no effect. These people seem to have no form of religion whatever, and no fear of death and evil spirits.

"Through the whole of the Batetela country one sees neither grey hairs, nor halt, nor blind. Even parents are eaten by their children on the first sign of approaching decreptitude."

N'Gandu, which contains from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, is in this country. It is oval in form and strongly fortified by a double ditch and loop-holed earthwork, the whole being surrounded by a palisade. The top of every tree in this palisade was crowned with a human skull. Six gateways defended the village, and after passing through each gate it was necessary to traverse a tunnel some thirty yards long. The approach to each gate was ornamented by a pavement of human skulls, the bregma being the only part that showed above ground. Capt. Hinde counted more than two thousand skulls in the pavement of one of the gates alone.

This remarkable book, which was issued simultaneously in London and New York, makes clear the dangers of expeditions in Central Africa. Baron Dhanis' first expedition was completely successful, accomplishing far more than was expected.

But in two years the Arab slave dealers regained much of their power. Baron Dhanis decided to move against them again. Last year he enlisted six thousand men in the Congo Free State. The British government allowed a number of its hussars to join, but denied that there was a concerted Anglo-Belgian movement against the Mahdists.

The Dhanis expedition arrived at Lado, on the White Nile, in August last. The last news that came from him showed him to be at Stanley Falls in September. It was reported in December that Baron Dhanis had been killed, but this was denied by authority.

The cable finally brought news recently of the annihilation of the white expedition. No braver soldiers of civilization in the Dark Continent ever perished than the leaders of this expedition.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS SCULLY.

The many friends of Thomas Scully were shocked to read of his sudden death on Wednesday, the 5th inst., at his home 302 Washington boulevard, from heart failure. The surprise was greater because he was seemingly the most robust of his five brothers. He was associated with the D. B. Scully Syrup Co. for fifteen years. After building up a large business at South Water and River streets he went into the livery business. The sincere sympathy of all the friends of the family for his afflicted mother and family, was well attested by the large attendance at the funeral. The affliction was increased by the fact that it was the first sorrow known to Mrs. Scully since the death of her husband, thirty years ago. Mr. Scully was born near Tullamore, Kings county, Ireland, forty-five years ago.

The funeral was held from St. Jarlath's church last Saturday morning. Rev. Father Cox conducted the services, with Rev. J. D. Morrisey as deacon, and Rev. P. Burns as subdeacon. Solemn high requiem mass was celebrated by Father M. Cotters, and Father Morrisey preached the sermon. There were no honorary pallbearers. The active ones were Police Inspector Hartnett, William Galliger, John Donahue, William Ford, William Redmond and William Dunne. The interment was at Calvary.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

A Fishing Trip

Along the Lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in nearby lakes and streams. One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent postage stamp. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Liberty Council, I. N. A.

The next regular meeting of the Liberty Council of the I. N. A. will be held on Friday, August 20, at Dougherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth street, at 8 p. m. The public are cordially invited to be present and participate in the proceedings. An excellent literary programme is being prepared by the committee.

JOHN J. BARRY, Pres.
PATRICK RICE, Sec'y.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York Aug. 11.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown Aug. 10.

MURDER OF CASTILLO.

Details of the Killing of the Premier of Spain.

THE DEED WAS ONE OF REVENGE.

Senor Canovas del Castillo Shot Down by an Anarchist Assassin in the Presence of His Wife—He Dies with the Words "Long Live Spain" Upon His Lips—The Whole Country Shocked at the Sad Occurrence.

Madrid, Aug. 9.—The assassination of the prime minister of Spain, Senor Canovas del Castillo, who was shot and killed by an Italian anarchist, whose name is believed to be Michelo Angene Golli, at the baths of Santa Agueda, Sunday afternoon, was undoubtedly cold-bloodedly premeditated. Golli deliberately watched for an opportunity to kill the Spanish statesman, and he only fired when he had no chance of missing. In fact, the assassin who was arrested almost immediately after the premier fell dying at the feet of his wife, has declared as much to the examining magistrate. The prime minister lingered for some time in agony and passed away with a cry of "Long Live Spain."

Further details of the assassination show that Senor Canovas del Castillo and his wife were present Sunday morning at the celebration of mass in the chapel attached to the baths. After mass the premier was reading and conversing with some reporters when the assassin approached and fired three shots at him with a revolver, hitting him in the forehead, chest and left ear. The wounded man fell to the ground crying, "Assassin! Long live Spain!"

Died at 1:30 P. M.

The premier was carried to his room and expired at 1:30 p. m., after extreme unction had been administered him by a priest of the Dominican order. The murderer, who was immediately seized by the people who were in the vicinity of the scene of the crime, was severely handled and might have been killed had it not been for the protection afforded him by a number of civil guards, who soon ran to the scene of the assassination. The prisoner, who declared he had killed the premier "in the accomplishment of a just vengeance," at first gave the name of Rinaldi, and claimed that the deed was the outcome of an extensive anarchist conspiracy. Later, however, the assassin confessed that his real name was Michele Angine Golli; that he was 26 years of age, a native of Boggie, near Naples, and that he left Italy and came to Spain in 1896. After reaching Spain, Golli, according to his confession, resided at Barcelona and participated in the doings of the various anarchist societies of that place and vicinity. After sojourning at Barcelona for some time Golli visited France and Belgium and returned to Spain in July last. After his return the anarchist seemed to have completed the plans for the assassination of the prime minister, left Madrid for Santa Agueda at the same time as Senor Canovas del Castillo and waited an opportunity to assassinate the statesman.

Golli's General Appearance.

In appearance Golli is of medium height, wears a full beard and spectacles, and his demeanor is that of a quiet, law-abiding citizen. He says he is satisfied with having done "his duty" and asserts that he had no personal grudge against the premier and was merely obeying orders received from his superiors in the secret society to which he belonged. He frankly professes anarchist doctrines, says he was sentenced in 1895 to eighteen months' imprisonment in the jail at Lucera, Italy, and claims that he escaped from there to Marseilles from which port he made his way to Barcelona.

Senora Canovas, wife of the premier, who was but a short distance away from her husband when the crime was committed, rushed to his side upon hearing the shots. As the premier lay dying on the ground she bitterly reproached the murderer for his crime. Golli, in reply to the agonizing words of the distracted wife, said: "I respect you because you are an honorable lady, but I have done my duty and I am now easy in mind, for I have avenged my friends and brothers of Montjuich."

The Spanish newspapers express great indignation at Golli's crime. Even the journals that have Republican leanings praise the services of the dead statesman. The Imparcial says:

Black Day for Spain.

"Yesterday will prove a black date for Spain. The crime will centuple the indignation of society against this would-be destroyer."

A number of newspapers appeared bordered in black. A post-mortem examination of the remains of the premier was made Monday morning prior to embalming them for transportation to this city. The funeral will be most impressing. The indignation expressed for the crime is shared by all parties in politics and it is generally believed that the members of the colonial secret societies were concerned in the outrage.

It is reported that Senor A. Pidal, president of the chamber of deputies, will be appointed president of the council of ministers in succession to the late premier at the expiration of the official nine days' mourning. The ministers for the present will meet in council daily. Golli developed in the examination before the magistrate Monday that he succeeded in firing two shots at the people who arrested him before he was overpowered. The assassin calls himself a "revolutionary anarchist."

"RETRIBUTION," SAYS PALMA.

He Declares That Premier Canovas Deserved No Better Fate.

Turners, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Estrada Palma, who is at the head of the Cuban junta in this country, in an interview commented upon the assassination of Canovas as follows:

"While I have no sympathy with the assassin, I cannot help but feel that the act was one of retribution. Canovas, more than Weyler, has been responsible for the cruelties practiced by the Spanish troops in Cuba. It was by his orders that women and children were murdered and wronged. He deserved no better fate.

"His death will be Cuba's advantage, for it complicates political affairs in Spain. As the leader of the majority, he was sponsor for Weyler. His great rival is Silvela, the leader of the Conservative minority. It is true that Silvela recently suggested that Cuba be given autonomy, but he cannot maintain that position as a Conservative leader. The Liberals under Sagasta would indeed grant us autonomy, but we will accept nothing less than absolute independence. As a man I deplore such a misfortune, but as a Cuban I cannot help but feel that I am benefited by it."

Feeling of Horror in Rome.

Rome, Aug. 9.—The assassination of the prime minister of Spain, Senor Canovas del Castillo, has caused a feeling of horror here. Many flags are half-masted. The premier, the Marquis di Rudini, and the cabinet ministers paid personal visits Monday to the Spanish embassy. King Humbert has telegraphed his condolence to the queen regent, and it is expected that the Crown Prince Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Naples, who is now cruising on his yacht, will proceed to Madrid. The pope is greatly upset over the news of the assassination and upon receipt of the same he immediately sent to the Spanish embassy for details of the crime. His holiness also telegraphed on the subject to Madrid.

Victoria Expresses Sympathy.

London, Aug. 9.—The assassination of Prime Minister Canovas forms a striking contrast with the attempts of exiled Spanish anarchists here to enlist public sympathy and raise subscriptions. The news of the assassination was telegraphed instantly to the queen, who sent an affectionate message to the queen regent of Spain, expressing her horror and deep sympathy; also to Lord Salisbury, who telegraphed Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, ordering the expression of the sympathy of the British government.

Government Aware of the Plot.

London, Aug. 9.—A special dispatch from Madrid received here Monday says that the Spanish government was aware that a meeting of anarchists was held early in July and that it was decided to murder Senor Canovas del Castillo before Aug. 15, and to assassinate Senor Sagasta before Aug. 20.

SCIENTISTS AT DETROIT.

The Assemblage Called to Order by Secretary Putnam.

Detroit, Aug. 9.—The auditorium of the immense Central high school building was Monday a scene of beauty, the decorations being in honor of the forty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The attendance of members was about two hundred at the opening, and the galleries were filled with citizens of Detroit. About twenty members of the British association occupied seats on the platform. Secretary Frederick W. Putnam called the assemblage to order and announced the death of the association's former president, Professor Edward D. Cope. In the absence of the president, Wolcott Gibbs of Newport, R. I., the chair was taken by Professor Theodore Gill of Washington, who in turn handed over the gavel to Professor W. J. McGee of Washington, senior vice president of the association. Mayor Maybury delivered an address of welcome. He hoped the scientists would go away having found Dethoit a city of science.

Further words of greeting were spoken by Ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer. The speaker thought the question, When did science originate? sufficient to break up in a row almost any ordinary gathering. Job was the primeval scientist and following him all through the ages came Archimedes, Aristotle, the ptolemies, Galiles and the modern men of learning, developing science until now she stands a crowned queen, accepting but not demanding the homage of the world.

Professor McGee in expressing his appreciation of the hospitality extended, said the object of the association was to kindle interest in scientific matters and cultivate a closer relationship between scientists and the general public. He traced the parallel advance of science and the country's progress, and gave it as his opinion that one of the most potent institutions in giving America her pre-eminent standing among nations has been her scientific achievements.

After the adjournment of the general session the nine sections were organized and each section was addressed by the chairman. After the general session in the evening, at which a memorial address on the late president, Professor Cope, was given by Professor Theodore Gill, a reception was tendered the members of the association by the local committee.

Attempt to Burn a Town.

Scott, Kan., Aug. 9.—A third attempt by incendiaries to burn the town of Moran, a place of 1,000 people, in Allen county, almost proved successful Sunday night. Eight business buildings were destroyed and the loss is estimated from $25,000 to $30,000. For some time the town has had five special night watchmen on duty to prevent the burning of the town by incendiaries, who have fired the bank and another building in the past few weeks. The fire was discovered about 9 o'clock and the entire town turned out to fight it, but had no effective means of resistance. For some time there has existed a feeling between some of the rough element of the town and the business men and the motive is supposed to be revenge.

Drowning of Lieutenant Duncan.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Second Lieutenant Daniel Duncan, brother of Adjutant Duncan, was drowned in the lake off Fort Sheridan while bathing Sunday afternoon. The body has not yet been found. A large company of officers and their wives had gone out to bathe at 3:30. Lieutenant Duncan was among them. He was seized with cramps suddenly and began to sink. His cries for help were not heard until too late.

Explosion of Gasoline.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Peter Veth lighted a cigar in a room in which his wife was engaged in cleaning furniture with gasoline at their home, 227 Huron street, Sunday afternoon, and as a result of the explosion which followed he and his son, Edison, and wife, Bessie, are under treatment at the German hospital. While the three were badly burned the hospital authorities do not believe that their injuries will prove fatal.

Shoemakers on Strike.

St. Paul, Aug. 9.—Three hundred bottomers and bottom finishers in the factories of the Minnesota Shoe company and Sharood & Crooks are on strike for a restoration of the wages of 1892.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW

Situation at Coffeen Does Not Change for the Better, It Seems.

STRIKERS NOT ALLOWED IN TOWN.

Men at Work in the Mines and Insist on Being Protected—"Gen." Bradley Goes to See Gov. Tanner—Ray Reports Rather Rosily—Other Western Strike News—Hunger Doing Work for the Operators in the Pittsburg District.

St. Louis, Aug. 10.—A special to The Republic from Coffeen, Ills., says: This town is under martial law. A force of 235 armed deputy sheriffs is guarding the town, and particularly the property of the Coffeen Coal and Copper company. One hundred and twenty-five men were at work in the shaft yesterday under protection of an armed force. They refused to work unless the sheriff's posse stood guard at the mine entrance to prevent the possibility of an onslaught from the strikers. "General" Bradley's men are encamped 300 strong in the woods just west of town. They have been forbidden to enter the village under penalty of arrest. Deputy sheriffs carrying shotguns, Winchesters and other weapons stand guard at every roadway running in here and no one is allowed to enter unless he can show that his business is of a nature having no connection with the strike.

Bradley Goes to See Tanner.

Bradley went to Springfield yesterday for a conference with Governor Tanner. Until his return nothing is apt to be done. He will be on the ground again this morning and then it is expected that the strikers will move on the town. Early yesterday morning President J. L. Taylor, of the town board, accompanied by B. B. Ray, the personal representative of Governor Tanner, went to the mine and addressed the miners. In reply to questions he asked, the miners said they wanted the guards about the pits retained; declared they wished for no conference with the strikers, and said they were entirely satisfied to stay at work. Ray then held a conference with the strikers and made them a speech, in which he sympathized with their condition.

Miners Decide to March.

Springfield, Ills., Aug. 10.—A state Register special from Lincoln says the miners of that city met and decided unanimously to march tomorrow morning to Mount Pulaski and endeavor to get the miners there to strike, and from there go to Niantic on a similar mission; and from there to Decatur, where delegations from Springfield, Pana and other places will meet them. The operators at Lincoln offered their men work every day in the week—they have been having but two days' work per week on an average—if they would return to work. The proposition was declined.

Gov. Tanner Hears from Coffeen.

Springfield, Ills., Aug. 10.—Governor Tanner yesterday morning received a telegram from B. B. Ray, whom he dispatched to Coffeen Sunday to examine into and report the situation at that place, growing out of the movement of coal miners. The telegram said: "Everything is quiet this morning. I have advised the sheriff to reduce his force. Not over 200 miners are encamped. I was at their camp at 5 o'clock this morning. They show exceedingly good temper. About fifty miners went down to work this morning. I will stay here today and keep you fully advised."

Iowa Miners Not Likely to Strike.

Ottumwa, Ia., Aug. 10.—The meeting of Iowa miners here yesterday decided not to strike in sympathy with the easterners, but assessed all the men 25 cents a week for aid. The meeting was poorly attended, only a fourth of the number of miners in the state being represented. At first the sentiment was for a strike, and agitators from Illinois worked hard at the men to declare a strike. The men decided that they could do no good ordering a strike with such a small number and passed a resolution ordering notices sent out to all the camps in the state for another meeting at Oskaloosa, Aug. 19. If two-thirds of the miners in the state signify their intention of sending delegates the meeting will be held, if not it will be called off. As it is not thought possible to get this number to make a move to strike, it is probable that a meeting will not occur. The sympathy move with the easterners is at an end, and each camp will settle its own scale and grievances with the operators.

DE ARMIT IS HARD AT WORK.

Makes a House-to-House Canvass of His Men—Strikers Are Busy.

Pittsburg, Aug. 10.—Thomas B. De Armit, superintendent of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company, worked hard yesterday to get the miners at Oak Hill to return to work. By a house-to-house canvass he succeeded in getting a few more diggers than had been at work. Thirty-seven miners went in. The men were told by De Armit that they would lose all they had earned if they would not work, and would be given five days to vacate the company houses. The strikers say that only 75 men out of 235 were at work in the Plum Creek mine yesterday. The company claims that almost a full force was working. The strikers are hopeful that the remaining diggers will quit work after getting their pay. The Plum Creek men were not paid yesterday and it is expected that the company will require the men to sign a new agreement before they are given their envelopes.

The Sandy Creek miners are awaiting developments. They are hopeful the courts will set aside the contracts of the company which the men signed before they went to work. Hunger is doing more injury to the cause of the miners than any other one thing, and the commissary department is doing everything to provide against this contingency. President Dolan will go to the Canonsburg region and defy the injunctions by speaking at a meeting scheduled for the 11th inst. There is to be a big demonstration this morning at Plum Creek, when the strikers believe they will be able to close down the mine.

The strikers at Turtle Creek have divided into three divisions and marched on the several mines now in operation. One party went to Spring Hill mine, operated by Alex Dempster, located near Wilmerding. This mine has been supplying the De Armit company with coal. Another party marched to Oak Hill as usual, and the third company went to Sandy Creek. The Boone mine at Canonsburg started unexpectedly yesterday with thirty-five men, and this morning a marching force of about 800 men marched and encamped about this mine to shut it down.

J. C. Dysart, a member of the uniformity commission, returned to the city yesterday after a week's absence. He says the work of securing signatures will be pushed earnestly, and he believes the required number will be secured. The miners, he says, cannot possibly win the strike, as the mines still in operation can supply the demand. Some of the coal operators are getting restless and threaten to attempt to start their mines this week. W. H. Simmons, a large coal dealer, says there is no scarcity of coal. Sunday night 250 cars of coal came into Pittsburg from West Virginia and large quantities are being shipped to Pittsburg from the mines along the Pennsylvania railroad.

IN THE INDIANA POCKET.

Probability That the Miners at Boonville and Evansville Will Quit.

Evansville, Ind., Aug. 10.—The situation at this place is still unsettled. The striking miners tried to induce the men of the John Ingle Coal company to go out, but were only partly successful. Another effort will be made today and it is confidently expected that all the men will go out. At a mass meeting held here last night in the West End park every miner in this locality expressed sympathy for the movement, and the majority of them signified their intention of joining the strike. The John Ingle Company got out an injunction proceeding against the strikers late yesterday afternoon, and Judge Mattison set Sept. 20 as the date to hear the case. The outlook here is more hopeful for the miners than it has been at any time yet.

It was feared before the advent of the strike that they would meet with but little encouragement, but the tide now seems to have turned in their favor. Another mass meeting will be held at 9 o'clock this morning and the strikers will be at the various mines to induce the miners to attend the meeting. A special from Sullivan, Ind., says that the striking miners throughout the Indiana field were supplied with food yesterday, over 5,000 being fed at Brazil. Crusaders are again on the march from there to Evansville, from which point they will cross into Kentucky and endeavor to close the St. Bernard mines. It is estimated here that 3,000 miners will be in Evansville this morning.

Judge Denounced as a Law-Breaker.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Judge Jackson was denounced as a lawbreaker at the Sunday afternoon meeting of Local Branch No. 1, Social Democracy of America. It was declared that he should be punished for infraction of the law. "The resolution enumerates as his crimes that he has overridden the constitution by forbidding certain persons to walk on the public highways, and has prevented free speech and free assemblage, and closes with a hint that it may be necessary to fight for those rights.

Little Interest Is Manifested.

Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 10.—An election is going on throughout North Carolina today on the question of additional taxes for support of the public schools. But little interest has been manifested and there is no doubt that the movement for the additional tax will be overwhelmingly defeated.

Did He Try It on the Child?

Dayton, O., Aug. 10.—Morris Eppler, aged 8, found a revolver, and while trying the weapon, shot and killed Rudolph Freikle, aged 3. He dragged the body into the yard and went to bed, but is now in jail.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Plans have been prepared for restoring Mount Vernon to its original state.

With ex-Secretary Hoke Smith as arbitrator the color-line labor troubles at Atlanta have been settled.

Of the 119,900,000 old copper cents which were sent out from the mint only the 900,000 have been accounted for.

The Christian Alliance at its meetings at the camp grounds at Old Orchard, Me., raised $71,000 for foreign missions.

John Halleman was run over and killed at Chicago by a Fort Wayne train at One Hundred and Second street.

Bert Colton, son of a well-known Rockford, Ills., family, was so seriously injured in a runaway accident that his recovery is doubtful.

Governor Adams, of Colorado, has been presented with a paper-weight of ore, gold seamed, from the Scotia mine. It is worth at the ratio of $60,000 to the ton.

The city directory of Washington contains forty George Washingtons, seven Martha Washingtons and nineteen Mary Washingtons. They are all colored.

John Hayslip and Mac E. Gordley got into a dispute while returning from a picnic to West Union, O., and Hayslip shot and killed Gordley. Hayslip was arrested.

Charles Peabody, a farmer residing two miles south of Wilson, Clark county, Wis., was killed by lightning while lying on a couch talking to a neighbor, who was stunned.

It is rumored that a London company has been organized with a capital of $25,000,000 to mine gold in Florence county, Wis. The company has experts on the way to Wisconsin to inspect the mines.

Pete Veth, of Chicago, applied a lighted match to a cigar in a room in which his wife was cleaning a bed with gasoline. In the explosion which followed Veth, his wife and his child, Edwin, were seriously but not dangerously burned.

Obituary: At San Jose, Cal., Colonel Augustus G. Bennett, 61. At Marietta, O., Dr. Leven Peddy. At Bloomington, Ills., John A. Kerr, 61. At Lacona, Ills., Mrs. John S. Thompson. At Webster City, Ia., J. P. Allington, 77. At Martinsdale, Ind., Robert B. Mitchell, of Salem.

Members of Holy Cross Polish Roman Catholic church were attacked by opponents of independent Roman Catholic churches at their picnic at Bensonville, Ills. Policeman Wieklinski, who was on duty at the picnic, shot at the attacking party. He was badly battered and three Poles received bullet wounds in the fight

INJUNCTION DEFIED.

Kansas in Open Rebellion Against an Order of a United States Court.

STATE WAS PRETTY WELL TIED UP

And the Officials Concluded to Make the Issue and Find Where She Was At as Regards Home Rule—Trouble Over an Insurance Company and the Law That Shut It Out—View of the Attorney General on the Matter.

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 10.—The long threatened clash between the United States courts and the authorities of the state of Kansas came yesterday when Attorney General Boyle, acting upon the advice and with the concurrence of the state administration, took action in the state courts in open defiance of the federal authorities. This action is the outcome of an injunction issued on July 29 last by United States District Judge John A. Williams, of Arkansas, at Colorado Springs, Colo., by which he positively enjoined State Insurance Commissioner Webb McNeal and Attorney General Boyle, of Kansas, from bringing any proceedings whatever under the state laws to prevent the Mutual Life Insurance company from doing business in Kansas. The injunction of Judge Williams was sweeping in its effect, and amounted, according to Governor Leedy, Attorney General Boyle and Commissioner McNeal, to a practical annulment of a criminal law of Kansas under which the insurance company involved has been barred from transacting business in Kansas.

GOVERNOR JOHN W. LEEDY.

Kansas Joins the Issue.

Not only this, but the Kansas authorities maintained that the injunction of Judge Williams was in violation of the constitution of the United States, in that it prevented the state from enacting and carrying out its own laws, and also in contravention of decisions of the United States supreme court. Acting upon this belief Attorney General Boyle yesterday went before the state supreme court, bringing proceedings in quo warranto against the Mutual Life Insurance company to compel that corporation to appear before the state supreme court and show by what authority it is transacting business in the state of Kansas.

And Now It Is Uncle Sam's Turn.

Attorney General Boyle having done precisely what the injunction of Judge Williams forbade him doing the presumption is that the federal judge will cause his arrest and imprisonment for contempt. In this event application for a writ of habeas corpus will be made at once to the United States supreme court, and in such a proceeding the attorney general would have the support of the entire state administration. Governor Leedy has declared that the issue has been made and that the matter must be fought to a termination.

BOYLE TALKS OF THE CASE.

Thinks State Home Rule a Myth if Judge Williams Is Right.

Kansas City, Aug. 10.—The Times this morning prints an interview with Attorney General Boyle, of Kansas, as to the issue raised between the Kansas authorities and the federal courts. The attorney general states that he has no desire to defy any one, but that he is simply acting according to his duty under the laws of Kansas. He explains that the state laws are plain that no foreign insurance company shall do business in the state without a license from the superintendent of insurance. The Mutual Life, he says, has no such license, though its general agent, McLord, continues to solicit business. The attorney general adds that if the insurance commissioner is illegally withholding a license from that company the courts of the state are open to the company to compel the commissioner to grant such a license, and he adds that the corporation has seen fit to wholly ignore the state courts and continues to do business in violation of the law.

Continuing, Attorney General Boyle says: "This is a positive defiance of our state laws. It cannot be possible that Judge Williams means by his order that he will restrain an executive officer of a sovereign state from doing his plain duty. If a federal judge of Arkansas, while taking his baths at a summer resort in Colorado, can suspend for a limited time the operation of any portion of the laws of the state Kansas, then a federal judge, no matter where he may be, can stop the whole machinery of our state government, appoint a receiver and act as general dictator of state affairs. If this order, with its sweeping intent, can stand it is simply revolutionary.

"I have no desire to precipitate a clash between the federal and local courts, but it is of great vital importance that the people should know definitely whether a state has any rights that a federal judge must respect. If we have no such rights, then state government is a useless expense." Attorney General Boyle complains particularly of the fact that Judge Williams' injunction was granted without notice to the state authorities.

Death of a "Q" Paymaster.

Quincy, Ills., Aug. 10.—Marcus B. Merriman, of St. Joseph, paymaster of all the Burlington lines in Missouri, died yesterday morning at Blessing hospital of Bright's disease, aged 46.

ERRORS IN LIVING.

Man's Excessive Appetite and the Body's Capacity For Food.

To the lay mind nothing seems to augur so strongly in favor of robust health as a hearty appetite. Furthermore, there would seem to be a strong conviction in the public mind, sanctified by tradition from time almost immemorial, that the more a man eats the better he is. The quantity of food that many people naturally eat is very large as compared with their actual physiological requirements. Add to this the many tempting forms in which food is presented to the palate by our modern culinary arts, the sharpening of the appetite by the anteprandial cocktail, the stimulus afforded the appetite by a bottle of good wine, and the result is often the consumption of an amount of food that simply overwhelms the assimilative organs. Such indulgence, if unrestricted and habitual, taxes both the assimilative and the excretory organs to their highest capacity, especially when coupled with sedentary life, and, moreover, it lends an additional impetus to the evils springing from the use of improper quality of food.

The human elaborating and excretory mechanism was evidently adjusted for ordinary wear and tear to an average limited period of about 70 years. Under 40 per cent of extra work we must naturally expect impairment or breakdown of the mechanism much earlier. It should therefore excite no special surprise that so large a proportion of our well to do people die from Bright's disease, heart failure and allied diseases at 50 or 55 who should, and under properly regulated lives and habits would, have attained the natural age of 70 or over. Paradoxical though it may seem, such people usually spring from exceptionally healthy stock and often point with pride to the fact that their immediate ancestors lived to advanced ages of 80 years or more. This paradox, however, is more apparent than real, for investigation will usually reveal the fact that for the most part the parents in such cases were people of more simple habits, such as corresponded with New England life 75 or 100 years ago.

The truth is that the well to do man of today lives in a faster age than that of his father and grandfather. He meets with greater opportunities and possibilities and therefore greater stimulus to all his energies. He more easily acquires pecuniary resources, and in larger amounts, and therefore he possesses greater luxuries of domestic life. With these come greater temptations to excess. While he has often inherited a splendid constitution from his ancestors, unlike them he has run his physical mechanism at a breakdown rate, and it must of necessity more quickly wear out.—Charles W. Purdy, M. D., in North American Review.

IN KALAMBAKA.

Grecian Customs That Are Anything but Pleasant.

In nearly all the churches or in the monastic chapels hereabout I find swarms of Greek soldiers. They come in, cross themselves, stand listening while the priest reads from the holy books in the peculiar quavering singsong which makes the words quite incomprehensible even to Greeks, and then they kiss the pictures. The other day at Zarkos I saw them crowding to kiss a round inch of the skull of St. Nicholas and a few of Chrysostom's perished finger joints. Their mother tongue was Greek, but they kissed the bones and went away. Round the walls of most churches are paintings of torment at least as disgusting as anything which Italy can show, fires and rent flesh and devouring monsters—such things as man has invented to add to his fear and unhappiness in the world. There are a few saints, too, of course, the works of many a pictor ignotus, whose name no Ruskin could save to memory now.

In the richest of the monasteries I am the abbot's guest. At dinner, over octopus stewed in leeks, a dish that tasted like a line of Aristophanes, we tried to discuss the position and prospects of the Orthodox church and the importance of its metaphysical distinctions, but we did not get very far. The poor man was overcome at the loss of two oxen, the very leaders of his team, without which all the rest were useless for the plow. The government had taken them and killed them to feed the soldiers and in return had given him a paper promise to pay. No doubt the payment will be made, but can you plow your field with a paper promise? Will the other oxen follow it if you hold it before their nose? They look back and will not move, lowing for their leaders in vain.—London Chronicle.

Union Man in Peculiar Trouble.

Peoria, Ills., Aug. 9.—N. V. Powell, grand chief of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, was arraigned before the United States commissioner Monday on the charge of violating the alien labor laws in importing Canadians under contract to work in the general offices of the order. The case was continued till Sept. 27.

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EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

ARRESTED.

One day Maurice Hammond and Philip Danvers spent amid the grandeur and magnificence of St. Petersburg—a day so vivid in contrast to the darkness and gloom that followed that it will ever remain undimmed in their memories.

In a huge Russian sleigh, drawn by three powerful horses, they drove the length of the vast Nevskoi Prospekt—a boulevard more than 100 feet broad and three miles long. The buildings were huge, massive and imposing; the frozen roadway was filled with sleighs of every description, from the peasant's humble box on runners to the magnificent turnouts of the nobility. The sidewalks were thronged with foot passengers, merchants, porters, civil servants, officers in long cloaks, ladies in Parisian toilets, priests in flowing black gowns and brimless hats, while over the horizon rose gilded and painted domes and countless Greek crosses.

Presently the great street merged into the Court quay, a marvelous highway of rose granite, bordered on the one side by the palaces of the nobility, on the other by the frozen waters of the Neva.

Ivan, sitting like a statue on the front seat, points out from time to time places of note—the Winter palace, where the czar lives in regal state; the adjoining hermitage and the palaces of the grand dukes.

Now he inclines his hand across the frozen Neva.

"The fortress," he says briefly, and with thrilling interest the boys gaze on the bastions and towers of that noted citadel where unhappy prisoners languish in their bombproof cells.

For hours they drove through the streets, crossing and recrossing the seven canals which appear in every direction.

Turning back late in the afternoon, they entered through a massive archway the palace square.

A burst of music reached the boys' ears, and a scene of splendor opened before them.

From the center of the square towered the shaft of red granite, the Alexander column, and at its base the band of the Imperial guard was playing airs from Offenbach. Mounted Cossacks were keeping back the impetuous crowd.

"There has been a review," said Ivan, "The troops are returning."

He signaled to the driver, and as the sleigh drew up before the imposing facade of the admiralty the head of the line, a squad of the Imperial guard, reached the archway. Close behind at a sharp trot came the Asiatic troops—Georgians, Persians, Circassians and Mongols, armed with lances and steel maces, clad in long coats of mail.

Then followed compact bodies of infantry, Finland chasseurs and the giants of the Paul regiment with massive copper hats, marching sharply to avoid the hordes of cavalry who were crowding at their heels, red hussars, grenadiers, lancers and swarms of Cossacks on their shaggy ponies.

They hastened on toward their quarters, and as the last Cossack ambled through the arch a battery of artillery charged into the square from the other extremity.

Maurice watched the approaching group with eager interest. They clattered past the Alexander column, the fiery black chargers curveting and prancing to the music of the band, and as they drew near the arch an officer, superbly uniformed and mounted, galloped into the square almost beside the sleigh where the boys sat.

The horse slipped on the smooth trodden snow and plunged heavily to the ground, bearing his rider with him and pinning him firmly from the waist downward directly in the track of the rumbling cannons.

One loud cry burst from the startled spectators, and the artillery horses, scared at the uproar, bore madly down on the helpless officer, lost to all restraint.

Maurice took in the situation at a glance—the frightened people on the sidewalks, the mounted Cossacks before the sleigh, who seemed petrified with horror, and the rapidly advancing artillery.

He sprang to the ground, and in three leaps reached the luckless officer's side. Grasping him under the arms, he pulled with all his might, once, twice, and as the portly form yielded he sprang back with his burden from under the very hoofs of the snorting horses and sank down on the trampled snow. The heavy cannon passed within an inch of his feet, and then, with a sickening crunch, the wheels rolled over the fallen steed.

Eager hands lifted them to their feet, and a shouting mob surged around on all sides.

The officer, who was apparently uninjured, tore loose from the Cossacks, who were brushing his uniform, and seizing Maurice in his arms implanted a kiss fairly upon his lips, talking volubly all the while in Russian. He was a noble looking man, with a light wavy beard and mustache.

"I can't speak Russian," Maurice finally stammered in despair.

"Ha!", cried the officer joyously. "You are English. I speak your language too. That was a noble deed. These base cowards here were too alarmed to move. To whom do I owe my life?" And he thrust a card into Maurice's hands.

At that moment a bareheaded man, wearing the garb of one of the palace servants, pushed forward and momentarily attracted the officer's attention.

On the same instant a pair of strong arms were thrown about Maurice, and he was forcibly dragged through the crowd and lifted into the sleigh.

Ivan Tambor—for it was he—shouted to the driver, and before Maurice could recover breath to speak the sleigh had passed out of the square, and the horses were galloping swiftly through the crowded street.

Maurice turned to the Russian.

"What did you do that for?" he exclaimed indignantly.

Ivan Tambor stared him full in the eyes, with an expression on his face that made Maurice shiver.

"It was necessary," he said briefly. "We should have been arrested. Private sleighs are not allowed in the square during a review."

"I don't believe what he says," whispered Phil when the Russian's back was turned. "I mistrust that man, Maurice. You should have seen how savage he looked when you dragged that officer out of danger. I wonder who he was?"

"I have his card," whispered Maurice, "but I don't intend to risk taking it out here. Ivan don't know I have it."

Little did Maurice imagine when he acted on that resolve what an important bearing that deed was destined to have upon future events.

The short winter day was nearly over when they reached Vladimir Saradoff's mansion, and the dim, coppery sun was slanting on the gilded domes and crosses of the imperial city.

Dinner was served in solitary state, a fitting accompaniment to the magnificence which the boys had just witnessed. Waiters attired in European full dress supplied them with curious Russian dishes, and all the while Ivan Tambor stood motionless in a corner of the room.

"His excellency your uncle wishes you to start for Moscow at 4 o'clock in the morning," he said to Maurice when the boys had returned to the library. "Do you prefer to retire early or shall I escort you to the Italian opera?"

"I don't care anything about the opera for my part," said Maurice, "but I should like very much to see the city by night. What do you say, Phil?"

"Splendid," rejoined his friend.

Ivan shrugged his shoulders, gave an order to a servant who answered the bell, and in ten minutes the sleigh was again at the door.

They drove for miles through the dimly lighted streets, finally passing out on the frozen Neva and speeding far down toward the gulf of Finland on the smooth crust.

As they were returning through one of the spacious streets leading into the Nevskoi Prospekt a man in fur coat and

The officer halted before the wondering boys.

cap emerged from the portal of a brilliantly lighted mansion. The rays from a lamppost close by showed Maurice a strangely familiar face.

"Is not that my uncle," he exclaimed, "that man with the heavy coat?"

Ivan Tambor turned quickly in the direction Maurice indicated, but the man had already vanished in the shadows.

"His excellency is in Moscow," he said. "There may have been a resemblance, nothing more."

Maurice was readily satisfied with this explanation, but an hour later, as he tossed sleeplessly on his bed, he wondered vaguely whether that could have been Vladimir Saradoff or not.

The features were very like those of his uncle, he felt sure.

Puzzling over this and various other incidents of his brief visit, he fell asleep.

The boys were awakened early, and after a hasty breakfast, eaten by the light of huge bronze lamps, Ivan announced that the sleigh was waiting to convey them to the station. At his request the boys handed him their passports.

He refused to accept any money for the railway tickets.

"His excellency your uncle has given me instructions," he said quietly. "Distress yourself about nothing."

St. Petersburg was silent as the grave when they drove away from Vladimir Saradoff's mansion.

As the more central parts of the city were reached some activity was noticed, and at the railway station all was hurry and excitement.

"It is 14 hours to Moscow," said Ivan. "You will want sleeping apartments. Stay here while I get the tickets."

In the brief period that he was gone Maurice found time to examine the card given him the day before by the Russian officer. He read it aloud, "Colonel Alexis Jaroslav, St. Petersburg."

"I'll put that away safely," he said to his companion. "I may meet the colonel some day after our return from Moscow."

Little did Maurice think under what circumstances he and Colonel Jaroslav would next meet.

He had barely time to replace the card in the inner pocket of his vest when Ivan came hurrying back with the tickets, and in 20 minutes they were rattling over the frozen land toward the distant city of Moscow.

The sleeping apartments were quite as comfortable as those on American railways, and the boys slept undisturbed until long past noon. Then they took their places by the window, eager to see the country they were traveling through. The landscape was flat and monotonous, relieved at long intervals by straggling villages and occasional lonely dwellings. Thus the afternoon wore on, and the short day came to an end.

Shortly after dark Ivan gave the boys their passports, which they placed in their pockets without examining.

"I have had them properly stamped," he exclaimed. "Thus you will have no delay at Moscow."

"How near are we to the city?" asked Maurice.

"Half an hour's ride," was the reply, and after piling the boys' baggage on a seat in front of them Ivan entered a rear car.

"It is difficult to believe that we are really approaching Moscow," said Maurice. "I feel quite reconciled already to leaving St. Petersburg."

"I've been thinking about Napoleon and the terrible retreat of his army all the afternoon," said Phil. "I wonder if any traces still remain of the great fire?"

Suddenly the train slowed up and then stopped abruptly with a little jerk.

Looking out of the window, the boys saw a stretch of trodden snow, and the feeble glow from a couple of lampposts shone on a little group of gendarme officers, with white caps ornamented with crimson cockades, and half a dozen mounted Cossacks in the background, with their dull green uniforms.

"Why, this is not Moscow," exclaimed Maurice. "There are no houses in sight. Why have we stopped, and what is going on?"

The other passengers in the car, half a dozen in number, flocked curiously to the window. At that instant the door was thrown open, and a grave, stern faced man in heavy military cloak and cap strode in, followed by half a dozen gendarmes who carried drawn swords.

The passengers, divining only too well the cause of this interruption, withdrew in fear to their seats.

The officer halted before the wondering boys.

"Passports," he demanded sternly, and as they were handed to him he glanced them over briefly and thrust them into his pocket.

He nodded to the gendarmes behind him, who instantly seized the pile of baggage, and then he clapped Maurice and Phil on the shoulder in a manner that was unmistakable.

"What do you want?" cried Maurice in bewilderment. "Is anything wrong with our passports? Where is Ivan? He can explain this blunder."

But Ivan was nowhere to be seen. As the boys hesitated the officer gave an emphatic command in Russian, and instantly the gendarmes closed in on them and dragged them roughly from the car. Their baggage had already preceded them.

Reaching the ground, they had a brief view of a lonely, deserted street, two long rows of glimmering lampposts that dwindled to a point, and a gloomy, closed carriage, with two gendarmes mounted on the box.

The door was flung open to admit them and closed with a sharp click.

They had a glimpse of the train as it moved slowly forward again, with its curious passengers swarming at the windows, and then the carriage rumbled noisily through the deserted outskirts of the city, surrounded by a cordon of mounted Cossacks.

In faraway St. Petersburg Vladimir Saradoff, with a smile on his lips, is whirling a fair partner over the waxen floors of the French legation to the bewitching strains of the Grenadiers' band.

Thousands of versts to the eastward the heartbroken Russian exiles are sleeping their sad sleep on frozen Siberian wastes.

Russia is the land of extremes.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR SIBERIA.

A gendarme had accompanied them into the carriage, and when Maurice attempted to speak he harshly enjoined silence.

The boys felt but little alarm or uneasiness. They were familiar with the strict system of espionage that prevails in Russia and naturally supposed that something was wrong with their passports.

That it was a very remarkable proceeding for the police to stop a train on the outskirts of Moscow never occurred to them.

Thus, in happy ignorance of their fate, worried only on Ivan's account, who they feared was ignorant of what had happened, they rode on into the city, turning in and out through dark, gloomy streets, until a somber stone building was reached, feebly lighted by a bunch of gas jets over the portal.

They were hurried across the sidewalk, through a gloomy hall, and ushered into a small apartment, where two severe looking men were writing at tables. A couple of windows, crossed by heavy iron bars, seemed to open on the street.

In the center of the room was a square pen surrounded by a railing, and as the boys entered this two gendarmes followed them in and began to search their clothing.

No part of their persons was neglected. Their handkerchiefs, pocketbooks, cardcases and watches were removed and placed on a large table, where their traveling bags were already lying.

The gendarmes retired to a bench on the other side of the room, the officials at the table ceased writing, and presently the officer who had boarded the train entered by a private door and sat down at a large desk facing the boys.

He took their passports from his pocket, and glancing over them spoke a few words in Russian to the two assistants, who at once began to write.

A gendarme stood by his side, handing him the various articles from time to time, which he subjected to a minute examination. The money and watches were laid to one side, and then he opened the cardcases.

Maurice, who saw all that was going on, was amazed to see that they were empty. Cards, letters and various memoranda that they had possessed were missing.

But a still greater surprise was in store for him.

The officer opened the traveling bags and turned the contents upon the desk.

He placed aside the various toilet implements, clothes, brushes, collars and other articles of apparel, until there remained before him a collection of strange objects that neither Maurice nor Phil had ever seen before.

These comprised a bunch of what resembled handbills printed in strange characters, half a dozen letters sealed and addressed and two or three books bound in yellow paper covers, the titles of which Maurice was unable to read.

Forgetting all prudence, he sprang to his feet. "This is a mistake," he exclaimed. "Those are not our things. Send for my uncle, Vladimir Saradoff. He can explain this"—

Before he could say more two gendarmes jerked him back on his chair, a forcible manner of enjoining silence which Maurice was not slow to understand.

The officer inspected these strange objects with a grave countenance. He continued dictating to the assistants, who wrote as rapidly as their hands could travel over the paper.

It was evident that the situation had now assumed a serious phase. The boys still believed that an error had been made somewhere. Not a glimmer of the truth entered their minds. Unable to speak a word of Russian, they were in a bad plight. How could they acquaint Vladimir Saradoff with their predicament? Maurice had fairly resolved to make another effort to speak when the officer signaled to the gendarmes, and the boys were led into another apartment furnished with a rude bed, two chairs and a small table. The heavy door was locked, and they were alone.

"This is dreadful," exclaimed Phil, throwing himself on the bed. "I wish we had never seen Russia."

"Keep up your spirits," replied Maurice. "All will come right. My uncle will discover where we are before the night is over."

Unable to sleep, the boys discussed their strange situation for an hour or more, expecting every moment to learn that Vladimir Saradoff had arrived.

This was their belief when at last the prison door was opened to admit the officer who had conducted the examination. But no such glad tidings awaited them.

The Russian seated himself on a chair and sharply surveyed his prisoners before he spoke.

Then he drew a card from his pocket which Maurice recognized as the one given to him by the man he had saved from death.

"I speak your language," he said in badly accented English. "I may be able to mitigate your lot, if you are sensible. This card was found in your possession. We have reason to believe that a conspiracy exists against his highness Colonel Jaroslav. Your own case is hopeless. Any information you may give will help yourselves and will be used in secret."

The officer looked inquiringly at the boys, who were quite at a loss to know what to make of this strange speech.

"I don't understand you," said Maurice. "I only know that a great mistake has been made, and with your permission I will try to explain."

The officer nodded, and straightway Maurice related everything that had happened to them from the moment they left Berlin, dwelling especially on his relationship to Vladimir Saradoff.

As he proceeded in his narration the Russian's face expressed a strange mixture of incredulity and anger. It was evident that he did not believe one word that Maurice was saying.

"Stop," he exclaimed impatiently. "I have listened to enough lies. You refuse my offer. You will repent it when too late. You deny, then, that you are the Englishmen, Cummings and Burton, named in the passports; that you are the agents of the revolutionists in London; that you were bound to Moscow with nihilistic placards and books and letters addressed to dangerous and suspected persons. Our government is always alert. The minister of the interior had accurate knowledge of your movements, and by his instruction you were arrested on the train. I should have told you nothing, but I wished to offer you this chance of benefiting yourselves."

"Send for Vladimir Saradoff!" cried Maurice excitedly. "This is all a terrible mistake, I assure you. My uncle can help us."

The officer laughed disdainfully. "His excellency Vladimir Saradoff is in St. Petersburg, and, as for this Ivan you speak of, no such person reached the Moscow station this evening. You reject my offer. I wash my hands of you."

Refusing to hear another word, he hastened from the room, and the guard in the corridor banged the heavy door.

Up to this moment neither of the boys had even suspected the truth. It remained for Maurice to make that startling discovery, and as the realization of his uncle's treachery forced itself upon him—dimly at first, but speedily strengthened by added proofs—he saw what stared him in the face. With a cry of despair he threw himself on the bed, and when, at Phil's entreaties, he sat up his face was pitiful in its hopelessness.

"We are lost, Phil," he said. "We shall never see America again. What fools we were ever to venture on Russian soil! I see it all—the perfidy of the man who calls himself my uncle. He never came to Moscow at all. That was Vladimir Saradoff we saw in St. Petersburg. Ivan was his accomplice, and together they formed this conspiracy.

"Ivan stole our cards, our passports, every means of identification we had, and substituted false passports and the other things which were found in our bags. We are lost."

"But how can such a thing be?" exclaimed Phil in bewilderment. "Our innocence must be discovered. You can prove your relationship to Vladimir Saradoff."

"You know little about Russia," replied Maurice. "We are absolutely helpless, Phil. No one will listen to us or believe us. We shall not be permitted to write letters, and on the strength of that evidence we shall be condemned without a shadow of a trial. Vladimir Saradoff will cover up his tracks too well. For myself it matters little, but you, Phil—your father and mother, your sisters"— Here Maurice broke down completely.

Phil bravely tried to comfort him, and presently he became more composed.

They discussed their situation from every conceivable point of view, but not a ray of light could be discovered.

It was really so hopeless that Maurice, who possessed a fair knowledge of the Russian police system, dared not hold out any encouragement to his companion.

The most puzzling thing to him was his uncle's motive for such a crime.

He was ignorant of the terms of his mother's will, or his quick wits would have divined the truth.

On reflection, however, he remembered what a fierce hatred Vladimir Saradoff had always borne his father, and allowing for the transfer of this enmity from father to son the solution of the mystery became more clear.

"What do you suppose they will do with us?" asked Phil.

The answer was already trembling on Maurice's lips, but he checked himself. "He will know the truth soon enough," he thought, so he replied evasively, "I don't know, Phil—perhaps a long confinement in some Russian fortress."

The hours of that night seemed interminable. Sleep was out of the question, and the first gray glimmer of dawn that crept into the dreary cell through a narrow aperture, high upon the wall, found the two boys wearily pacing the floor.

A fairly good breakfast was presently brought, which they barely tasted, and then appeared a gendarme officer and four men, who led the boys away.

Maurice begged for a brief interview with the commanding officer, hoping to convince him of the truth, but the guards refused to listen and hurried them into the street, where a close carriage was waiting, hemmed about by mounted Cossacks.

Through the gray mist they had a hasty vision of countless domes and spires of marvelous colors and fantastic shapes.

Then the heavy curtains cut off the view, and the carriage rolled away. It stopped before a huge brick building, and the boys passed quickly through the gloomy portals. The gendarme officer preceded them with a stamped document in his hand, which he delivered to a big, black bearded man in blue uniform, who came forward to receive him.

A few words passed between them, and then the boys were led away to a small, whitewashed cell, furnished with a single bed and a chair. A grated door opened on a large corridor, which was constantly patrolled by armed sentries.

They were now in the great forwarding prison of Moscow, and the commandant, Captain Sasha, had just received the official documents that sealed their fate. Russian justice knows no delay.

During their two days' confinement here the boys attempted in vain to open communications with the commandant.

Not the slightest attention was paid to their entreaties, and no one came near the cell except the guards.

On the third day their clothes were stripped off, and they were given, in place of them, coarse linen shirts and trousers, long gray overcoats with yellow, diamond shaped patches sewed between the shoulders, and visorless caps of the same material.

Attired in these coarse garments, they were conveyed in the dusk of the evening to the railway station, in company

Not the slightest attention was paid to their entreaties.

with a dozen other poor wretches, and placed in a huge, dreary car with narrow, grated windows and rough board seats.

As the train rattled off into the night Maurice turned to the burly Cossack at his side.

"Where are we going?" he asked imploringly. "Won't you tell us?"

The Russian understood the gestures, if not the words.

"Siberia," he replied gruffly, and the sentence of their doom fell like a deathknell on the boys' ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Worst and Worser.

Lately one of the Aston constables, who is an Irishman, while in the witness box perpetrated a bull which fairly set the court in a roar. Describing the conduct of a man who had been creating a disturbance, he said:

"I saw the defendant. He made the worst row in the world, and then he went up the street and made a worser."—London Tit-Bits.

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Heed the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

Special from Mrs. Pinkham.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhœa, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. Any woman of common sense will take steps to cure herself.

She will realize that her generative system is in need of help, and that a good restorative medicine is a positive necessity. It must be a medicine with specific virtues. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If your case has progressed so that a troublesome discharge is already established, do not delay, take the Vegetable Compound at once, so as to tone up your whole nervous system; you can get it at any reliable drug store. You ought also to use a local application, or else the corrosive discharge will set up an inflammation and hardening of the parts. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is put up in packets at 25 cents each. To relieve this painful condition this Sanative Wash is worth its weight in gold.

MRS. GEORGE W. SHEPARD, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. I was troubled very much with leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains and backache. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

ZULU JINRIKISHA MEN.

Head Decorations That Are as Grotesque as They Are Ingenious.

The Zulu jinrikisha men are compelled by the English authorities to wear a uniform—a white linen tunic and loose white trousers cut off above the knee. They were like children playing at horse in the nursery, and they uttered continuous native gurglings, partly like turtledoves and partly like the hallelujah ejaculations at one of our African Methodist camp meetings. They all appeared very happy during this performance, which continued so long that I calculated the amount of energy expended to represent about ten miles of unpaid travel. Though the body dress was uniform, there was magnificent diversity regarding head decoration. One would wear a common straw hat hung around the brim with tassels suggestive of a pagoda, and the chief delight of the wearer was in shaking his head for the pleasure of making the tassels dance. Another had fastened a pair of cow horns on either side of his head immediately above the ears, and he grinned at me so effusively that I concluded he must have taken great pains with the construction of this hideous headpiece. The kinky top of a third had been interlaced with an enormous profusion of long strings of wool, to which small fluffy balls were attached at short intervals.

The head of a negro so decorated looked like a huge black mop or one of those Skye terrier dogs about whom one is never safe in saying which is the other end. In repose it is uncanny, but when your jinrikisha Zulu springs about in the shafts and throws his head up and down like a colt impatient of the bit the effect upon the newly arrived is akin to what I once experienced when a long black log of wood upon which I proposed to rest myself turned out to be a huge black snake resting from his gastronomic exercises.—Poultney Bigelow in Harper's Magazine.

Off the Malay Coast.

Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the lovely shores of some undiscovered country. As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that, if taken aback, the boat must turn turtle, unless, by the blessing of the gods, the mast parts asunder—you look out through half closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast. The waves dance and glimmer and shine in the sunlight, the long stretch of sand is as yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful casuarina trees quiver like aspens in the breeze and shimmer in the heat haze. The wash of the waves against the boat's side and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly wooded islands you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence, with none of the labor of living.—"In Court and Kampong," by Hugh Clifford.

Precepts of Experience.

"He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more."

"You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Boer does just as little work as will help keep himself and his family alive, and most of that he gets done by Kaffir servants, who, in the more out of the way districts, at any rate, are practically slaves.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"Martha."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Digby Bell in "The Hoosier Doctor."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"His French Doll."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SAUNDERSON'S "THUMPING LIES."

Scotchmen are, in general, endowed with a large share of common sense, and they are seldom carried, even by the heat of debate, into statements that can be easily and successfully contradicted. Col. Saunderson, one of the Orange members of parliament from Ulster, is an exception to this rule and is forever making assertions utterly at war with credible history. Quite recently he addressed a public meeting of the Dublin Orange Lodge, and, in the course of his observations, said:

"The Irish Daily Independent had written editorially about the evils of sectarianism. It had said, speaking of the Orange celebrations, that 'the best thing that could happen would be to abandon those old world celebrations altogether, which have by this time lost all rational meaning and are calculated to revive sectarian bitterness.' He could imagine English Radicals reading those words saying, 'Well, after all there is a good deal of common sense among the Nationalists.' Although these words might commend themselves to the mind of the ordinary Englishman, he thought he would be surprised if he read the paper through, because if the Nationalists thought it would be a good thing for the Orange institution to abandon what they called 'those old world celebrations,' which they maintained were likely 'to revive sectarian bitterness,' was it not a strange thing that the same paper contained an account of how they intended to celebrate next year, 1798? There was no reciprocity in the recommendations. If the Independent said that Nationalists did not in the future intend to rake up old memories, which tended to increase bitterness between one section of Irishmen and the other, and that they hoped the Orangemen would do the same, there would be some sense in the proposal.

"He should point out to the Daily Independent that there was a remarkable difference between the nature and character of these two celebrations. The Orangemen celebrated a great and glorious triumph, and what would the Nationalists celebrate next year? Squalid defeat. They kept the memory of 1688 not because it was a victory of Protestants over Catholics. The reason they celebrated it, and intended to celebrate it, was, that on the victory achieved by King William III. depended the freedom, liberty and progress of their native land. There was not a single Roman Catholic country in the world that had not receded instead of advancing; whereas if the Protestant countries and empires were united they would sweep the world. The Protestant countries had succeeded because they were free. They never intended to bow to the yoke of Home Rule. Of course, if a united demand had gone from the people of Ireland for Home Rule, he thought Ireland would have got it, though he thought it would be a sad disaster to her under any circumstances, but now the British people could see that there was no unity in Ireland; that there was a minority strong enough to maintain principles of loyalty to the crown and loyalty to the Protestant faith—the moment they got hold of that fact there was practically an end to Home Rule."

The "freedom, liberty and progress" alleged to have been gained by the victory of Orange William consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight years of penal religious persecution and the obliteration of even the commonest rights of humanity for the Catholics of Ireland. We don't know exactly what Col. Saunderson meant when he called the failing of the attempted revolution of 1798—a movement of nearly all Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, against the English connection—"a squalid defeat." Even Barrington, Lecky and Froude—all bitterly "loyal" Anglo-Irish and English historians—acknowledge that from a military point of view it reflected honor on the Irish people. There could have been no sectarianism in a revolt where the Catholic priest and the Protestant preacher, the aristocratic Episcopalian and the Catholic peasant fought and bled side by side. How can Col. Saunderson have the face to call '98 a sectarian memory, when its chiefest leaders were, almost to a man, Protestants? The priests came into the struggle only after military outrages compelled them to take the field or else perish miserably in their burning chapels. When they did draw the sword, they fought like Spartans and most of them died the death of heroes. Next year Ireland will erect a monument to the the Protestant Theobald Wolfe Tone, who founded the United Irishmen. What is there that is sectarian in that projected action, Col. Saunderson? Will the gallant and loose-tongued colonel be pleased to state where or when the Orange Irish—that is the Yellow Irish—ever erected a monument to an Irish Catholic? Why the man is absolutely ignorant of the history even of his own times. He can talk rot—dry rot—to a parcel of ignorant Orangemen and win cheers; but he becomes ridiculous before an intelligent audience.

He says no Catholic country has progressed. What of France, of Austria, of Belgium, of South Germany? They are all Catholic and all powerful nations. Nobody dies of famine under their jurisdiction. If Spain and Italy are behind the age, it is not the fault of Catholicity. Italy has been governed by the House of Savoy since 1860. The House of Savoy never permitted its Catholicity to stand in the way of what is called progress. How much better off is bankrupt "united Italy" today than disunited Italy was in 1859? Spain's greatest glory was won under the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. The South American Republics and Mexico—all Catholic—are progressing and prospering. The one great Republic of Europe, France, is, nine-tenths at least, Catholic in faith. The other smaller Republic, Switzerland, is half Catholic. Where, outside of America, are the Protestant Republics? And even America is, by no means, all Protestant. Catholic Brazil threw out the House of Braganza and became a republic. Has Protestant Canada thrown out the House of Brunswick? Has Protestant Australia, or Protestant New Zealand, or Protestant South Africa? Point to a Protestant country, outside these United States, that is not bowing down before a king or a queen? Prussia, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, England, Scotland, Wales are all crown ridden. Ireland, three-fourths Catholic, submits under protest, but longs to be a republic. Oh, this pretentious transplanted Sawney, Saunderson, makes us sea sick. He is the concentrated quintescence of a malignant liar.

ANGLO-IRISH MAIL SERVICE.

We like to observe the thoroughgoing, go-ahead, Yankee earnestness of Mr. Pat O'Brien, M. P. for one of the Tipperary districts, when Irish business, of a material kind, has to be looked after. He recently organized a deputation of Irish members to wait on the Postmaster General and ask that functionary to regulate the Irish day mail service more satisfactorily to the people. We have not yet learned what was the result of the deputation's interview with the English P. M. G., but Mr. O'Brien, in summoning his colleagues, gave the following excellent reasons for the proposed reform:

"1. The Irish day mail train takes six hours fifteen minutes to run from Holyhead to Euston, a distance of 264 miles, averaging a speed of only forty-two miles an hour. The London and Northwestern 10:15 p. m. North Wall express train performs the run to Holyhead in five hours fifteen minutes, an hour's less time than that occupied by the day mail train. The London and Northwestern Railway Company's 11:50 p. m. express train runs from London to Carlisle (299 miles) in five hours and fifty minutes, averaging over fifty miles an hour, as against the forty-two miles per hour on the Irish day mail service. The Irish mail trains are heavily subsidized, while the London and Northwestern Railway express train receives no subsidy.

"2. The London and Northwestern Railway Company's Scotch express trains are provided with breakfast and dining corridor carriages for first and third-class passengers. No such accommodation is given on the Irish mail trains for second or third-class passengers, although they start at the unreasonable hour of 7:15 a. m.

"3. It is plainly in the interests of the London and Northwestern Railway to do everything to encourage tourist traffic to Ireland (via the mail service), inasmuch as they receive about five-sixths of the through fare from London to Dublin on every first-class passenger traveling by that route.

"4. That the Postmaster General has full power for altering the times of departure of the day mail train will be seen from the following: On the 31st of May, 1895, Mr. Arnold Morley, the Postmaster General, stated, in reply to Mr. Sexton, that 'power is reserved to the Postmaster General in the new contract as in the old to fix and alter the hours of departure from either side.' On the 4th of July, 1895, Mr. Hanbury stated, on behalf of the Postmaster General: 'The Postmaster General has absolute control over the times of departure and arrival of the Irish mail trains.'"

POPULAR EDITION OF MR. FINERTY'S "WARPATH AND BIVOUAC."

The business department of the THE CITIZEN desires to call attention to the advertisement of "Warpath and Bivouac," Mr. Finerty's personal narrative of the stirring Sioux wars in which Custer, and other gallant officers, fell victims to the warlike savages of the plains. This work is now offered at a popular price, and orders for it should come in rapidly. No volume has been received more favorably by the American and even the British press, and it certainly deals with a most momentous and adventurous period of our bloody frontier history. The price is only a dollar and a quarter for this popular edition of a most interesting book. Those who have not already purchased "Warpath and Bivouac" should send their orders to this office without delay.

ABOUT GREAT MEN'S STATURE.

Havelock Ellis, in the Nineteenth Century for July, chose for his subject, "Genius and Stature," and has pretty successfully proven that a great majority of men of genius were either "tall" or "short," the minority being "medium." His illustrations are mostly British, as is natural, and his American examples of intellect by inches are rather meager, Washington and Lincoln, both very tall, being the exemplars. Mr. Ellis figures out from the examples which he gives that the proportions run thus: Tall men of genius, 142; short men of ditto, 125; medium men of brains, 74. He calls every man over 5 feet 9, tall; all men between that stature and 5 feet 4, "medium," and all below the latter stature, short. Among the very short he places Tom Moore, the Irish poet, who was only 5 feet high; Napoleon I., whom he credits with 5 feet 1½ and Horatio Nelson, who was only 5 feet 4.

Mr. Ellis is, no doubt, correct as regards Moore and Nelson but he is singularly in error as regards Napoleon, and he falls into that error for this reason: There is considerable difference between the length of the French and English (also American) inch, the proportion being nearly as follows: A man of 5 feet 2 inches, French measurement, would be in the neighborhood of 5 feet 6½ inches English or American. Napoleon, according to his head valet, Constant, who was with him for many years, and had all his measurements, was 5 feet 2 inches, French, in stature, which made him 5 feet 6½ inches, English. With his military boots, he soared to the dignity of 5 feet 7 inches—the same stature ascribed to Wellington by Mr. Ellis. Capt. Maitland, who received him on board the Bellerophon in 1815, said that the Emperor was "a well built man of 5 feet 6½ or 7 inches in height." Admiral Ussher describes him as "medium," and so do many other writers, including Madame de Remusat and the Duchess D'Abrantes. The whole error in regard to Napoleon's height arose from the appellation of "The Little Corporal," bestowed upon him at "the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi" by Lannes' regiment of French grenadiers. At that period, Napoleon was slight almost to emaciation, and he looked like a sallow, sickly boy. In fact he was regarded as a miraculous youngster by those stalwart veterans, every man of whom—they were the pick and choice of the French army, generally tall and muscular—would have made, at least, two of the young general.

One point in Mr. Ellis' article is particularly noteworthy—the different estimates different men will make of another man's stature. Thus we have heard old men say that O'Connell, who was slightly under 6 feet, was several inches over that stature, for the reason that they mostly saw him on the platform or in carriages. Abraham Lincoln, whose peculiar build made him look much taller than he really was (anywhere between 6 feet 1 and 6 feet 3) was generally credited in the popular mind with being about seven feet in altitude. The late Mr. Buck, of Buck & Rayner, this city, who lived in London when a boy, and who served his time at an apothecary's shop at which the Duke of Wellington used to call, informed us that that warrior looked to be almost 5 feet 9, when he was, in reality, about two inches shorter. Gen. Logan was a man of most deceptive stature—some people would call him "tall," others "medium" and still others "short." Our own judgment is that he was, perhaps, 5 feet 9½—he had a long body and shortish legs, so that he looked tall sitting, or riding, like the late Gen. Sheridan, whose stature was 5 feet 6 inches. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher (5 feet 9½ inches) looked rather short because of the width of his shoulders. In fact most people would call him short at first glance. Gen. Winfield Scott was generally quoted at 6 feet 5, but when when we saw him, in 1864, he seemed to have shrunk at least 4 or 5 inches. So, too, with the late Gen. George Crook. His favorite aide-de-camp, the brave Capt. John G. Bourke, deceased, credits him with 6 feet, in his interesting book, "On the Border with Crook," but we could never make the general out to be more than 5 feet 10, if he was even that. In fact, most people are so non-observant that unless a man is very tall, or very short, they would be puzzled to describe his stature after a small lapse of time. So, too, with the color of the hair and eyes. Fully half the inhabitants of this planet move through life dreamily, or with a mist before their vision.

JOSEPH COWAN REBUKES THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

Joseph Cowan, of the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, has ever been a stalwart champion of the Irish cause, and, in fact, risked and lost his popularity with a majority of his countrymen because of his friendship for Ireland. With Byron, another English friend of Irish liberty, he may justly say—

"My voice, tho' but humble, was raised for thy right—
My voice, as a freeman, still voted thee free!
My hand, tho' but feeble, would have armed in thy fight,
And my heart, tho' outworn, has a throb still for thee!"

Mr. Cowan has always been a strong advocate of political amnesty and feels disgusted and disappointed because, during the recent Victorian Jubilee demonstrations, no favor was shown the Irish political prisoners. Commenting editorially on this omission, Mr. Cowan's able newspaper says:

"The policy of this government, it seems, is to resist every work of mercy for which there is a request and to pursue every work of mischief for which there is no occasion. We publish this morning the answer of the Home office to the local petition for a gracious pardon to the Irish political prisoners in the season of peculiar exultation over the unparalleled era of British happiness and power. It was perhaps a little unreasonable to expect Whitehall to see the connection. That would require imagination and courage, intelligence and generosity, anything but the Pharisaical worship of the forms of the law which presides over government departments. The Newcastle petition was one of the most remarkable ever sent up to Whitehall. Its signatures represented an unique consensus of responsible opinion. The force of its terms was undeniable by any one not blinded by vindictive prejudice to the original facts of the case and to the imperative dictates of mere justice. * * * The release of the Portland prisoners on jubilee day would have done more good at a smaller expense to any one, than anything else that has been possible in our time. The Irish Unionists are strongly in favor of it, like the two ablest of their reprentatives, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Horace Plunkett, whose interests in the Newcastle petition and efforts on behalf of it are worthy of recognition. The government, with characteristic maladroitness, has missed a precious opportunity, but no thoughtful and independent citizen will regret having urged them to make a better use of their chances. As for the Irish, when Whitehall tells them in its official way that 'in any reply to this letter the following number should be quoted, A, 46665C. 352' they are not likely to put anything in their reply that would spoil a vote under the Ballot Act."

THE IRISH NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will rally in their thousands to Ogden Grove on Saturday, Aug. 14, to commemorate the victories of Ireland, to sorrow for her defeats and to hope for her future. Although her heroic age would seem to have passed away, she has much to remember with pride. The deeds of her great soldier princes, Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell, have never received fitting recognition either from Ireland herself or the outside world. Indeed, their greatest memorial is to be found in the published state papers of England, which ruefully acknowledge their prowess. Scotland has been much more fortunate than Ireland in the general recognition of her heroes. Jane Porter, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and, we may add, James Grant, have given her martial chiefs a world-wide reputation. Nor does that reputation spring from victory alone. Wallace, who shines in song and story equally with Bruce, was defeated eventually, made prisoner and ignominously executed in London Tower, by the order of that brutal tyrant, Edward I. Wallace and Bruce never made a braver struggle for Scotch liberty than did O'Neill and O'Donnell for the freedom of Ireland. But our greatest Irishmen, in the broadly intellectual, literary sense, never uttered a sentiment or wrote a line to show that these Irish Paladins ever existed. Neither Goldsmith, nor Burke, nor Sheridan, nor Grattan, nor Lover, nor Griffin did aught to rescue their names from oblivion. If they are remembered at all we can thank John Mitchel, Thomas Davis, the Rev. C. P. Meehan and other Young Ireland writers for it. Therefore, the celebration of the victories of the Yellow Ford and the Curlew Mountains at Ogden Grove on Saturday, Aug. 14 (the 15th falling on Sunday this year), is a good and wholesome thought on the part of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook county, and should be more generally imitated. In addition to the usual amusements and athletic exercises, the speaking will be of unusual interest, as the orators will be the Hon. Daniel E. McGlynn and the Hon. James M. Graham, of Illinois, and the Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Ohio. The Grove should be packed with the sons and daughters of Ireland, and their American descendants, on this occasion.

ROOSEVELT ON THE IRISH.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has made a study of police material and seems to consider Irish material about the best to be had. Says Mr. Roosevelt:

"No man who has studied the civil war needs to be told that men of Irish blood fight well; and the career of the policeman necessarily implies in those who would successfully follow it the presence of the soldierly virtues: courage, daring and alert resolution. If to these qualities the young fellow of Irish parentage joins intelligence, he has a chance of rising very high indeed. A very large percentage of those whom I was instrumental in getting promoted to higher places were of Irish origin. It is needless to say that I did not take this into account in making promotion. I tried to see that they got it without the slightest reference to whether they were of Irish, German or American parentage, or whether they were Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, or of no recognized faith at all. The inspectors, captains, sergeants and roundsmen whom I joined in making were made because we believed in their capacity, integrity and courage; and, on the whole, I think a larger number were of Irish extraction than of any other."

THE '98 CELEBRATION.

Great interest is now being made manifest in America, and, in fact, throughout the civilized world, in regard to the coming celebration of the '98 centennial in Ireland. In the course of an interesting and sympathetic editorial on this subject, the New York Sun of July 31 says:

"If the plans for the celebration next year of the centennial of the Irish rebellion of '98 are carried out on the scale now contemplated, the event will be one of the most dramatic occurrences in history. First of all, the commemoration of an unsuccessful national revolt is, so far as we can recall, without precedent in the annals of any people. While the laurels of victory are eternal, the flowers laid on the tomb of defeat perish in the instant. In the case of this bold Irish struggle for national independence, however, all historical precedents are reversed, and the Celtic martyrs to liberty of the last century will be crowned by their descendants with the canonization of national immortality.

"But the feature of the commemoration which would distinguish it from all other celebrations of the kind is the international character that it is intended it shall assume. In this phase of it not only our own country, but the British dependency to the north of us and nearly all the republics on the south are to participate. Delegations from each of them will visit Ireland in the summer of '98, and the patriotic pilgrims from the United States alone will, it is thought, be nearly fifty thousand men. Australia, India and Africa all promise representation, while France, which gave material aid to the rebellion and made an attempt to land a large army on the island, will in point of numbers be second only to the United States.

"The fact is not generally known that Theobald Wolfe Tone, the central figure of the Irish rebellion of '98, was at one time a resident of Princeton, where Dr. Cleveland is now passing into inglorious oblivion. Tone was well known to James Monroe, and in 1796 he was the bearer of a letter of introduction from that noble American and friend of liberty to M. Carnot, of the Executive Directory of France. The meeting between Tone and Carnot resulted later on in the sailing for Ireland of a French fleet of forty-three ships, with an army of 13,975 men, with 45,000 stand of arms, field and siege artillery, and 7,000,000 rounds of ammunition. The channel was crossed without sighting a British ship, but a terrific storm made a landing impossible, and Ireland was saved to England. Two years later, a second French expedition left France for Ireland, and the landing of a small force was effected, but it was too late to be of use, for the rebellion had been crushed. Still later, a third invading French fleet was compelled to surrender to a superior British force.

"The American revolution first and the revolution in France second were the great political and moral forces that inspired Tone and the Irish patriots one hundred years ago. The 'disease of liberty was catching,' as Jefferson wrote to Lafayette, and it was communicated from France to Ireland. Indeed, Ireland caught a little of it before that, when Grattan proclaimed her a nation in 1782. Tone, like Washington, was of English descent, but he loved Ireland as fervently as Washington loved America, and he died in her cause. If not the father of Ireland as an independent nation, Tone is the soul of the aspiration that would make and may yet make her one, for the proud prediction is of record that the spirit of Irish nationality will outlast the British empire."

THE TERRIBLE "BIKE."

The "scorching" fiend, contrary to popular belief, is not confined exclusively to America. We find complaints of him, and her, in the English and Irish newspapers. Accidents happen quite as frequently in London and Dublin as they do in New York and Chicago, and have often fatal results. The danger that menaced pedestrians from vehicles drawn by horses and driven at unreasonable speed in public places, has now transferred itself to the man, or woman, bestridden "bike," which is the terror of all people dull of vision and slow of foot. The Dublin Independent of July 27 has an editorial comment on the dangers attendant on bicycle riding in the Irish metropolis, from which we excerpt the following passages:

"There is hardly a day or an evening when one does not witness accidents, some serious, some ludicrous; but all pointing towards the same thing—the necessity for restriction and supervision. Very often, after doing harm, the cyclist rides away scot-free. The complaints are general from all sides. It is alleged by cyclists that carmen and others with vehicles endeavor to ride them down. On the other hand, pedestrians are occasionally so bothered by flights of cyclists spinning along in dusk and dark, that they refuse to obey the gong, or the other and hideous signals, and we have ourselves seen a man stand in front of a cyclist and defy him to come on. The following are some of the incidents related as having recently occurred:

"A cyclist was riding on a main road, going steadily along on his own side of the road, when four ladies on cycles rode up from the opposite direction. On meeting the male rider, they made no sign of yielding him a passage, although he rang his bell vigorously to attract their attention; and, had he continued, even keeping close to the edge of his own side of the road, a collision would have been inevitable. As it was, he was only able to avert being run down by swinging round quickly to the left on to the grass at the side of the road.

"One evening a paralytic had an experience which would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. He is so far recovered from his seizure that he has almost learned to walk again, and went out for his evening crawl with his nurse to take care of him, and see that he did not get run over. The pair walked along a semi-private road, where they reasonably imagined they would be fairly safe, especially considering that the pedestrian is generally reckoned to be king of the road, no matter in what part of it he may be. Suddenly a silvery, girlish voice, almost at their elbows, said, in the most ladylike accents: 'Well, if you won't get out of the way, I must run into you,' and at the same moment the front wheel of a bicycle was obtruded between the two pedestrians. Fortunately the lady and her machine fell over to the nurse's side; had they fallen on the paralytic, he would possibly have had his recovery retarded several months, even had the worst consequences not ensued. The invalid pointed out to the fair cyclist that, even had she not preferred running down a cripple to dismounting, there was a clear eighteen feet on the right which allowed ample room to pass. 'But,' exclaimed the cyclist, 'I am bound to stay of the left-hand side.'

"It is obvious that something must be done. In Vienna and other continental cities a person will not be permitted to ride within the boundaries without passing an examination as to his efficiency, and then he is given a number, which he must conspicuously display for identification. The police are strict. The rule of the road is that cyclists meeting cyclists or carriages, horses, and so on, must keep their near or left side, and also must do so to allow of carriages passing them from behind. The maximum penalty for a breach of the rule is a fine of £10, or six weeks' imprisonment. Furious riding, so as to endanger life or limb, is subject to the same penalty. What would be furious riding in the city might be perfectly legitimate in the country; and the police should exercise their discretion. But all the same, for the protection of all parties—and a collision is generally more dangerous to the cyclist than to the person collided with—the regulations should be stringent and stringently enforced.

Two provisions of the American Constitution that are now systematically violated—the right of free speech and the right to bear arms! Where *are* we at?

WHILE we abhorred Canovas del Castillo, late Premier of Spain, and his methods of repression in Cuba, we are compelled to say that we do not believe the assassination of high officials ever yet benefitted the cause of liberty. It is the system, and not the individual, that should be warred against. Assassination is still more horrible than tyranny.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

1598. 1897.

LAMH DEARG ABUAHD!

22D IRISH
National Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County, at

OGDEN'S GROVE
ON
SATURDAY, AUG. 14,

Being the 299th Annivtrsary of the Victory of the Yellow Ford and the 298th of that of Curlew Mountains!

The Demonstration will be held on Saturday, August 14, for the reason that August 15 falls on Sunday.

Chairman Afternoon Meeting, P. B. FLANAGAN.
Speakers, HON. DANIEL E. MCGLYNN, of East St. Louis; HON. JAMES M. GRAHAM, of Springfield, Ill.
Reading of Address, HON. JAMES MAHER.
Chairman Evening Meeting, WILLIAM H. JOYCE.
Speaker, REV. DR. GEORGE W. PEPPER, of Cleveland, O.

TICKETS - 50 CTS

Sold Only at the Entrance to the Grove.

JOHN T. KEATING, President. J. A. LONG, Vice-President.
JOHN ROCHE, Treasurer. F. J. CONROY and A. DONOGHUE, Secretaries.

D. O'CONNOR, J. J. GUBBINS, JAMES C. STRAIN, Trustees.

Take Clybourn avenue or North Halsted street Cars.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

Saturday, August 14.

"ENGLAND may, some time, call Washington's bluff," says the bumptious St. James Gazette. If ever England does, she will run against a straight republican flush.

IN the words of the late Marshal Massena, the Klondike adventurer will need "the heart of a lion and the stomach of a mouse."

SENATOR SHERMAN is now finding out the true inwardness of his "great and good friends," the English.

THE London Globe says that Secretary Sherman has "soloon manners." Yes, the Secretary knows how to "set 'em up." His new mixture is a "John-ny Bull smash."

IS A Judge superior to the Constitution?

MANGLER is in contempt because he had contempt for silence in the first instance, and because silence brought him into contempt in the second.

ONE of the best, brightest and most patriotic Irish-American newspapers published in the western country is the Ohio Pilot, printed at Columbus, O., and edited by Mr. P. J. Elliott. Mr. Elliott is a stalwart Nationalist, and his excellent paper is a credit to the cause.

AN Irish exchange says: "The majority of the inhabitants of Ardagh, County Leitrim, and surroundings, don't appear to be of a very loyal turn of mind, if one should judge from their action on a fine evening of last month. Sir George Fetherston, it appears, gave a great entertainment to his tenantry on jubilee night, and the village of Ardagh was decorated by him with triumphal arches, and numerous flags were hung across the street, and road near the village. It is said that Sir George purposed flying the flags for nine days from jubilee day, but the anti-loyal residents of Ardagh became somewhat incensed at the thought of their patriotic village being defiled by the flaunting of the Union Jack, and other royal colors, and they tore them down, trampled on them through the village, and left the road strewn with the remnants of something like one hundred flags. The perpetrators of this anti-loyal outrage have up to the present been undiscovered."

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A PATRIOT PRIEST OF '98.

In a recent issue of the Evening Telegraph reference was made to the execution of the Rev. James O'Coigly at Penenden Heath, Maidstone, on the 7th of June, 1798, for his share in the conspiracy of the United Irishmen. A few facts concerning his history are not uninteresting. He was arrested in company with another United Irishman, Arthur O'Connor, at Margate, on the 27th of February, 1798, as they were about starting on a political mission to France. In his memoirs Lord Holland says "O'Coigly was condemned on false and contradictory evidence," and goes on to quote the statement made by Lord Chancellor Thurlow to Lord Buller, who presided at the trial, that "if ever a poor man was murdered it was O'Coigly." Father O'Coigly, who met his death with great fortitude while confined in Maidstone Jail, wrote his life and an address to the people of Ireland, bearing date "Maidstone Jail, May 29, 1798." Speaking to his co-religionists he says: "It is in the name of our religion and of our God that I call upon you, exhort and conjure you never to break the solemn engagements of union, friendship and brotherly love which you have gloriously entered into with your brethren of every religious persuasion. No, my brethren, hearken not to the fiends of corruption, the sycophants of oppression, nor the locusts of Ireland. * * To you my Irish brethren who differ from me in religious sentiments, especially Dissenters, I have little to say. Born and bred amongst you, you know my principles and exertions, how ardently I cherished the hope of seeing all party rage, intolerant bigotry, baneful prejudice and religious animosity for ever buried under the altar of National union. * * * As I shall not have the satisfaction of dying among you, my wish is that even my bones shall rest at Belfast, but that is also denied me. I need not recommend to your friendship a helpless old man, my father, now on the verge of four score. In his days he was braver than any of his children, and I trust he will glorify the Lord that he has a son not unworthy of him, being murdered for the cause of God and his country by a band of pensioned ruffians." Addressing the Orange Association, the members of which but two years before had attacked his father's house, he says: "For my part I from my heart forgive you. Ere long, when your delusion will be past, you will lament my fate and acknowlenge that I have died for you also."

Father O'Coigly, who was a native of Armagh, perished at the age of 36.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

(Irish Independent, July 24.)

The freshest book of the season is Mr. T. O. Russell's "Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland." It is published by Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., and along with being a tourist's guide to the most charming scenery, it is an archæologist's manual to some of the most interesting Irish ruins. Mr. Russell is well known as the author of "Dick Massey," and of several other delightfully fragrant works; but he has, although working on the very oldest of old ground, really broken fresh ground in this his latest volume. It comes most appropriately in the nick of time for student and thoughtful travelers, for his first chapter is on Killarney, which is seen at its best in the months of August and September when the arbutus is in bloom and when every great mountain there becomes a mighty bouquet of purple and gold. It is "the wild flower fruit of autumn." The second chapter in the book deals with a less dreamy and poetic but a more historic place, "The Hill of Tara" where, as he says, before the first Roman raised a rude hut on the banks of the Tiber, when the place where the Athenian Acropolis now stands was a bare rock, kings whose names are given in Irish history ruled. It was really "The Hill of Supremacy," as any one can see for himself if he uses his eyes, but can see much better if he be equipped with Dr. Petrie's map contained in his minute and elaborate work on "The Antiquities of Tara."

We pass by the beauties of Ireland. Everybody knows that "her face is her fortune." With the Lakes of Westmeath, the wild West Coast, Dublin and its environs—the most naturally attractive around any city in the world, bar none—Belfast and its environs, Cork and its environs, and Galway and its environs, this book, which certainly ought command a sale, both on account of its tourist, so to speak, and its archæological value, fitly concludes with an essay on the cloud panorama of Ireland, springing as she does, if not like Aphrodite out of the foam of the sea, at least out of the deep bosom of the melancholy ocean. We heartily and honestly congratulate Mr. Russell on his book, which, in one sense at least, we regard as the book of the season, and whether as good company in hotel drawing-room, railway carriage, mountain resting place, or hill-enveloped dale, we commend it to the traveler and to the stay-at-home as a most genial, sympathetic erudite, and, as we said in the beginning, fresh and fragrant book, no dry-as-dust about it, but the breath of the zephyr and the hum of the bee and the sweetness of the honeysuckle.

An Anglomaniacal Enterprise.

But say! who is this Cope Whitehouse now trying to pull the leg of Newport, R. I., for $80,000 to establish there a "Victoria Park in commemoration of her Britannic Majesty's Diamond Jubilee?" I'm curious to know what kind of critter has got the supernal gall to ask Americans to give up 80,000 scudi as an evidence of their love for England—who would establish an English park in an American seaport whose sailors John Bull impressed and maltreated until the most peaceable of presidents drew the sword in their defense. Imagine England establishing an Andrew Jackson park as evidence of her almighty love for America! It is said that "the smart New York set" which summers at Newport is interested in this Anglomaniacal enterprise, and propose that the park shall contain "a bungalow or summer-house for the British ambassador." That was to have been expected, for New York's "smart set" is ever crawling on its belly at the feet of John Bull. It was Tory during the revolution, pro-British during the war of 1812 and traitor at all times. It delights in systematically insulting Uncle Sam with its obnoxious Anglomaniacal insolence. Those who want a Victoria park with British bungalow had best establish it in England. There is still considerable patriotism in this country, and it might be set on fire by such an insult and blow bungalow and ambassador off the earth. The American sovereigns of Newport ought to stand Cope Whitehouse on his head and, with a red-hot iron, brand "J. R." on his buttocks.—Brann's Iconoclast.

Eagle Up the Hudson Was in the Revolutionary War.

Eagles are not so scarce in this state as is generally believed. It is said that there are hundreds of the great birds in the Highlands near West Point, but though the matter of "hundreds" may be doubted, the fact remains there are many. Among these is one old fellow that lives on Turk's Head above Garrison. He dates from Revolutionary days, and still bears a scar made by a British bullet. John Donohoe, whose father and grandfather passed their lives at Garrison, has frequently seen him. His habit of flying sideways and the peculiar droop of his right wing make him an easily recognized object. This droop was caused by the shot of a British soldier, who, while passing up the Hudson on a man-of-war, was ordered by his captain to shoot the eagle as it soared quite a distance aloft. The soldier's marksmanship was good, but it cost him his life. A band of patriots, hidden in the rocks, saw the deed, and, as the ship lay well toward the shore, their volley killed the sharpshooter. The wounded eagle was cared for by the patriots.—Buffalo Express.

Protect Yourself against sickness and suffering by keeping your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Weak, thin, impure blood is sure to result in disease.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

ON THE RUN

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Only 28 minutes' ride by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry., from union depot, cor. Canal and Adams-sts., SATURDAY & SUNDAY, AUG. 14 and 15.

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Only 22 minutes' ride by the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILWAY, from Randolph-st. depot, SATURDAY and SUNDAY, AUG. 14 and 15,

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NEWSPAPER MAKERS

THE MAGNETISM THAT THERE IS IN THE PROFESSION.

Why Crusoe Didn't Print a Paper—Edwin Arnold's Love of the Calling—Chauncey Depew and His "Jollies"—A Tired Lot of Reporters.

I like to brag about newspaper men who have done good work, because the men themselves don't like it. For one newspaper man to chant the praises of others of his craft is considered "taboo," and the very fact of its being tabooed makes it exceptionally tempting at times, so frail are we all. The proper professional attitude for a newspaper man—according to convention—is that of being always slightly bored and of hating above all things to see his own or another newspaper man's name in print. As to being in love with his profession—well, that's all right for a new hand just from college, but now—rats!

Don't you believe a word about newspaper work making genuine newspaper men tired. They couldn't keep away from it if they tried. If Robinson Crusoe had been a newspaper man, he would have printed a daily edition of the Juan Fernandez Castaway in blunt stick type on the sand in front of his hut every morning and got out an extra when he captured Friday.

And it must be that age and rank and station don't serve to benumb this feeling. When Sir Edwin Arnold happened to be in St. Louis a few years ago, a sudden crisis in India—Russians and Englishmen glaring at each other across the rugged crests of the Pamirs, the "Roof of the World"—made an interview with him of especially timely value. It came into my day's work to see him, and at the close of the interview he fell to talking about the incidental phases of a possible Russo-English war.

"Should such a war be declared," said Sir Edwin, "I would instantly go to the front for my paper"—the London Telegraph—"and serve as a special correspondent. It is the most fascinating work in the profession, and there is none more fascinating outside."

And a moment later the English poet and newspaper editor was telling me that he considered James Whitcomb Riley the most distinctively national of living American poets, and that to his mind Riley owed much of this to the fact that he was a "newspaper poet," instead of a magazine poet.

If I only had Dr. Chauncey M. Depew here to join in this talk about newspaper men, then you'd begin to realize what fine fellows they really are. Dr. Depew couldn't live without newspaper men. They visit him in his private office in the New York headquarters of the New York Central railroad, and they laugh at the jokes in his after dinner speeches and boom him for the presidency of the United States and for anything else he may desire simply because they like him and he likes them. The first and only time I ever saw Dr Depew was at the Republican national convention of 1892 in Minneapolis, whither Dr. Depew repaired as one of the "Big Four" of that very lively convention. He was surrounded six deep by newspaper correspondents—facing them, tail and irreproachably groomed, looking for all the world like the swell old heavy father in "The Banker's Daughter," and giving out all the news he consistently could, I suppose. And when he had exhausted his budget for the time being he turned in and gave them a "Depew jolly" of the press which was really a daisy in its line. Of course I'm not going to tell you what he said, because, honestly, it was a bit steep, but I just want to give you an idea that I would be greatly reenforced in this talk if I could have Dr. Depew here to take a hand in it.

Talking of conventions and bearing in mind my already expressed disbelief in the possibility of a newspaper man's ever getting tired of newspaper work, I want to make a kind of exception. The tiredest lot of newspaper men I ever saw was at the close of the famous all night session of the Democratic national convention of that same year—1892—in Chicago. It was the night of the great anti-Cleveland fight made by Tammany in the last ditch; the night when Bourke Cockran made the greatest speech of his life; the night when such an orator as Daniel of Virginia was hooted from the platform because the convention was actually too exhausted to listen; the night when Cleveland was nominated. With one recess, if I am not mistaken, the convention remained in session from 10 o'clock one morning until 4 o'clock the next. It was a crucial session, too, and kept correspondents on the alert every moment. Bourke Cockran's speech against Cleveland was made about 2:30 in the morning, and a dying man would have been forced to listen and thrill at its eloquent invective and masterly sarcasm. But after that came the awful slump of utter weariness. When the convention adjourned, day had broken over Chicago and the streets were gray in its early light. White faced and limp, the corps of special correspondents almost staggered out and made their sleep blind way to their respective hotels. Tired? Yes, but it was as a soldier is tired in the trenches. A few hours' sleep and the fight would be resumed as gallantly as ever.—R. D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

Woodcock Eggs.

Owing to the inhabitants of Sweden being very partial to the eggs of the woodcock, it is more than probable that the breed will be greatly diminished, if not at last totally extirpated. The eggs of the above species are to be seen for sale in large numbers in the various markets in Stockholm.

A fine specimen of the white footed antelope of northern India, the mother of two fine youngsters, is at present owned in England. The animals are extremely rare.

THE GREAT UNDECORATED.

Complaint That England Neglects Her Truly Great Men.

Referring to the custom of Queen Victoria to decorate many of her subjects on her birthday, The Saturday Review finds fault with the choice of recipients for this honor. It says that to the class of the undecorated belong half the men of distinction in the highest walks of life. When a man has for years been in the front rank of his profession, has served his fellows in art or science, letters, learning or journalism, has even been president of his institute and has won perhaps a more than European reputation, if then he is still ignored by the court flunkeys who regulate the lists of honors, there comes a time when for him it is the greater honor to remain untitled. Michael Faraday remained plain Michael Faraday to the last, and Mr. G. F. Watts declined a baronetcy, which was not offered him until he had passed fourscore years.

In science, for instance, there is one Briton who has received from foreign governments more decorations than any civilian in Europe. His name is David Hughes, and he is the inventor of the printing telegraph and the microphone. Yet his own ungrateful country has never shown him the slightest recognition. Darwin died officially ignored. Alfred Russell Wallace, the naturalist who shares with Darwin the fame of having discovered the evolution of species, will probably never be officially noticed by his government. Other great men in science who have little chance of receiving the decorations that are so freely bestowed on lucky nobodies are Professor Crookes Swan, who made the first incandescent vacuum lamp with a carbon burner; Dr. Frankland, the distinguished chemist and analyst, and the three great astronomers—Dr. Huggins, Professor Norman Lockyer and Mr. Christie, the astronomer royal.

In the world of letters there is a similar tale to tell. Let your litterateur be a party politician, then, though a mere hack, writing to order, he has more chance of receiving from his sovereign a mark of favor than were he the most distinguished author or the first scholar of his time. A deanery or a bishopric appears to be the only possible reward for a distinguished historian. Froude and Carlyle both died undecorated. If Dickens and Thackeray are known without the prefix "Mr.," it is not because of any such reason as precludes us from speaking of "Mr." Lewis Morris. Browning died untitled. John Ruskin drifted into an honored retirement, while the pygmies in literature have been rewarded with honors of another sort. That George Meredith should never have been offered the slightest distinction is a scandal. England possesses one name of worldwide fame in philosophy, that of Herbert Spencer. Yet the one distinction possible to Mr. Spencer—that of being sworn of the privy council, as the late Mr. Huxley was—has so far been withheld from him.

When Nansen visited Paris, on his very first lecture a minister attended to bestow upon him the insignia of the Legion of Honor. When he lectured in London, the prince took the chair, and there the matter ended. When Dr. Ludwig Mond gave the Davy-Faraday laboratory for research, at a cost of £100,000, the prince came to the opening ceremony, but all the title he bestowed upon the munificent donor was the misplaced epithet of "professor." Had half the sum been secretly conveyed by some brewer or tobacconist to the war chest of a political party a baronetcy at least would have promptly followed.

The Greatest Text in the Bible.

Love is the highest experience of the human soul. Faith and hope, it is true, are gifts from God to man, but love is the very essence of God himself. God is love. When God imparts love to us, he imparts himself. "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

There is no simpler truth in Scripture than this of God's love to man, and yet I know of no more difficult subject to present to the world. Could I but make the world understand and believe that "God is love," I should never preach from any other text. My last days would be devoted to proclaiming that one fact in every part of the world, and I know that every day would be a veritable Pentecost. For if the world were convinced that God was love, a God of mercy and not of judgment, our prisons would be empty and the kingdom of God would be established in our midst. For love begets love, and if we can make men really believe that God loves them many will love him in return. We are apt to judge others by ourselves. If a man is covetous, he thinks every one else is covetous. If he is base, every one else is base. And so men would think of God as like themselves, and because they love those only who are lovable they think of God as only loving those who are good and who are deserving of his love.—Dwight L. Moody in Ladies' Home Journal.

The American Soldier.

The history of the military enterprises of the United States has shown that our greatest need in time of war is a sufficiency of good officers. The American soldier, thank God, is a splendid fighter, second to none in the world. No troops in the world will stand such terrific punishment before they run. There has been published a book, which no American should read without tears in his eyes and rage in his heart, showing how, in the bloody shambles of the war of 1861-5, the American volunteer was not appalled by losses unheard of either before or since—losses that in a majority of instances could have been evaded had our soldiers been well led. The capacity and readiness of our men for instruction, and discipline, too, are unexampled. With good officers it is not impossible in one month to convert 1,000 raw American recruits into a regiment more efficient for continued active service than any national guard regiment now in this country.—James Parker, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

MARCHESI METHODS.

HOW THE GREAT TEACHER TERRORIZES HER SCHOLARS.

Instructions In Singing From Her Not Altogether an Agreeable Ordeal—But She Conscientiously Labors Always For Her Pupil's Benefit.

In the musical world of Europe no teacher stands higher than Mme. Marchesi, and yet a first interview with her is an ordeal to be dreaded. She may tell you with almost brutal frankness that your cherished vocal projects are thin as air bubbles and that you had better turn your attention to cooking. Or, with one unusual gleam of her gray eyes and one sudden indrawn breath, making her thin lips still thinner, she may tell you that you are destined to lift the heart of the world in immortal song and wear the laurels of a great lyric career. Again, she may tell you with the same blunt severity that you have no looks at all for the stage, and after you have been accepted as a pupil you are still subjected to her merciless severity.

To be taught by Mme. Marchesi is not to have the luxury of an individual lesson, an hour's good, cozy, comfortable time all to yourself. By no means. That is not her plan. You are taught in class. You are thus introduced at once to an audience. You thus have an opportunity of conquering stage fright. You are thus submitted to the criticism of others. Not only your voice, but your manners, your gait, your way of holding your hands are studied. From head to foot you are scrutinized.

A small platform is in the center of Marchesi's salon, where the pupil stands and recites (or sings) her lesson. The class sit around the room and criticise. The pupil has to face not only the class, but the audience includes often the first musicians of the world. How does a sensitive woman bear the gun fire of Mme. Marchesi's criticism, her ridicule, her sarcasm and severity? One day one of the class was having her 15 minutes of lesson before a crowded room. Marchesi was in a sardonic humor that morning. Her remarks were brilliant, but more cutting than a Damascus blade. The audience felt that a climax was coming. It came. The girl's lip began to tremble as Marchesi's commentary sparkled and cut and sparkled again. Her lip trembled more and more. The agitation gained upon her whole body, till she shook like a willow in the wind. Poor dear, the other pupils held their breath. The room was silent as a tomb. You could hear Marchesi's watch tick in her pocket. Still the pupil strove to bring out the tone that those severe lips of Marchesi had commanded. At last the voice rolled out. The tone gained upon the room. The voice stopped.

"You sing like a fool!" literally hissed Marchesi, and the storm broke.

The girl burst into tears. Her sobs, coming upon the silence, were most painful. Not one of the pupils dared to rush forward with comfort or handkerchief. The girl threw the sheet of music on the floor and covered her face with her hands. Then, dashing the tears away from her face, she stooped down, gathered up the scattered music, tore it into shreds, tossed it to every part of the room, and rushed from the platform stage. All felt it was over with her forever, so far as lessons with Marchesi were concerned, and more than one heart ached for her.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Marchesi, rising delightedly from the piano, rubbing her hands together and walking, or rather stalking, majestically through the room and up and down and again seating herself at the piano. "Ha, ha! That girl will sing! She has the grand fire. She is dramatic. She has the fine passion of the devil." And the girl came back the next day and won Marchesi's bravos and hand clapping.

Upon another occasion Marchesi sat in judgment upon a pupil's hands as she stood upon the platform.

"Now, don't put up your lip like a baby," she says, "if I tell you that I never saw such a booby. You're as awkward as a country clown. Look at your hands! Just look at them dangling down at your sides like a jumping jack waiting to twitch on a pole. Mais, voila," she continued, softening a little, "if I do not tell you, ma chere, of these things now while you are in my salon, do you know who will tell you of them later on when you stand for the first time before one of the great audiences of Europe? The reporters will flay you alive and deservedly. Will they not note down every awkward gesture, every gaucherie? Will they not say, 'She has a divine voice, but she held her hands like a clown?' And when you read it in all the papers the next morning, ah, how you will exclaim, 'Why did not Marchesi correct me, tell me, reprove me, no matter how severely?' Now, hold your hands easily, one palm crossed upon the other, the right hand across the left, the forefinger and middle finger of the right hand between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Bon! Now, see what ease of position, what repose it gives to your whole figure as you stand there."

To look over the programme for the concerts Mme. Marchesi gives from time to time is to read a strange collection of names. Here are pupils from Japan. Here is a name from Norway. Here is a lady from Finland. Here are sturdy Scotch names. Here are American names—girls from St. Louis, San Francisco, the Maine woods, the gulf states. New Zealand has representatives on the programme. To look over Marchesi's album is to see some of the portraits of the world's great singers and their signatures.—New York Sun.

Source of Juvenile Income.

"Some clever fellow has invented tasteless cod liver oil."

"The wretch! Trying to beat innocent children out of a lot of dimes and nickels."—Chicago Record.

THE LOBSTER TANK.

An Aquarium Exhibit That Many View With Lively Interest.

There are few tanks at the aquarium more interesting than that containing the lobsters. The lobsters there now are not great, like some of the monsters that have been exhibited, but they are lively and in good condition, and the display of their characteristics as they move about or pause to eat is almost startling to one unfamiliar with the lobster in life.

Whoever has picked up a live lobster in a market and found the big claws drooping, as they will if the lobster hasn't much life left in him, is sure to be interested when he sees the lobster here walking off briskly on his slender legs, carrying his big claws in front of him clear of the ground and his heavy tail clear likewise. His ordinary manner of progression is forward, and when he turns he swings his heavily weighted projecting ends with facility, but if he meets an obstruction or an enemy his usual way is to dart backward and perhaps diagonally upward through the water, which the lobster can do with great suddenness.

The lobster's feeding apparatus is wonderful. About the mouth there are lots of little attachments, all the time in motion when the lobster is feeding, which slice the food off in little shreds as the lobster holds it up to his mouth. If another lobster should come up, this lobster would know it, even though the other came up behind or at the side, and would turn to defend himself or to fight or to flee or to warn the other away.

The lobster's long feelers he can project one in one direction and the other in another, and with these, as he moves forward, back or sidewise, he guards against danger.

There are perhaps a dozen lobsters in the tank. In the center of the tank there is a little rock. There is likely to be seen upon this rock a little lobster, not a dull, old lobster lying down, but an alert young lobster standing up and supporting easily his big claws and his powerful tail—a young lobster ready to eat, to fight or to run away.—New York Sun.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the August Term A. D. 1897. Catherine Nadelhoffer vs. William B. Connor, Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, Robert Berger, successor in trust, Patrick J. Murray, Eleanor E. Walker, the unknown legal owners and the unknown legal holders of the notes secured by deed of trust from William B. Connor, Bacheler, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records, on page 612. In Chancery. No. 160,450.

Notice is hereby given to the said Eleanor E. Walker that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of August A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.

Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Sol'rs.

J. J. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY, 616 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the September Term A. D. 1897. John McMillian vs. Clara E. McMillian. In Chancery. No. 173,527.

Notice is hereby given to the said Clara E. McMillian that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of September A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.

J. J. Fitzgerald, Compl'ts Sol'r.

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Low browed woman that stole my love,
Fairer than I, less true,
You fooled him first with your wily tongue
And your eyes' deceitful blue,

You looked in his till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream,
While you let him toy with your yellow hair
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Welladay for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim.
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.
—Hartford Times.

LINCOLN'S CHIDING.

His Gentle Reproof In Reply to General Hunter's Ugly Letter.

Another remarkable evidence of the great kindliness of heart of Abraham Lincoln has been brought to light in the form of a long lost letter which the martyred president wrote to General Daniel Hunter in 1861.

General Hunter was in command of the department of Kansas at the time this particular letter was written. It seems he considered himself dishonored by an appointment to the rather obscure military post, and he wrote to the president protesting against it. Lincoln's characteristic reply was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1861.

Major General Hunter:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 23d is received, and I am constrained to say it is difficult to answer so ugly a letter in good temper. I am, as you intimate, losing much of the great confidence I placed in you, not from any act or commission of yours touching the public service up to the time you were sent to Leavenworth, but from the flood of grumbling dispatches and letters I have seen from you since. I knew you were being ordered to Leavenworth at the time it was done, and I aver that, with as tender a regard for your honor and your sensibilities as I had for my own, it never occurred to me that you were being "humiliated, insulted and disgraced," nor have I up to this day heard any intimation that you have been wronged coming from any one but yourself. No one has blamed you for the retrograde movement from Springfield, nor for the information you gave General Cameron, and this you could readily understand if it were not for your unwarranted assumption that the ordering to Leavenworth must necessarily have been done as a punishment for some fault. I thought then, and I think yet, the position assigned to you is as responsible and as honorable as that assigned to Buell—I know that General McClellan expected more important results from it. My impression is that at the time you were assigned to the new western department it had not been determined to replace General Sherman in Kentucky, but of this I am not certain, because the idea that a command in Kentucky was very desirable, and one in the farther west undesirable, had never occurred to me. You constantly speak of being placed in command of only 5,000. Now, tell me, is not this mere impatience? Have you not known all the while that you are to command four or five times that many?

I have been and am sincerely your friend, and if as such I dare to make a suggestion I would say you are adopting the best possible way to ruin yourself. "Act well your part. There all the honor lies." He who does something at the head of one regiment will eclipse him who does nothing at the head of 100. Your friend as ever, A. LINCOLN.

Nothing could have been better calculated to allay the feelings of personal wrong which must have possessed Hunter at the time. That he thought so himself is shown by the following words, written by the dissatisfied general on the big yellow envelope in which the letter had been sent:

"The president's reply to my 'ugly letter.' This lay on his table a month after it was written, and when finally sent was by a special conveyance, with the direction that it was only to be given to me when I was in a good humor."—New York Sun.

A Novel Bridge at Rouen.

This novel engineering work is called a "pont transbordeur" and is designed to fulfill all the purposes of a bridge, while it will offer no obstruction to the passage of ships with towering masts. On each side of the river will be erected a small Eiffel tower, about 170 feet in height, and these towers will be joined at the top by a latticework bridge upon which lines of rails will be laid. On these rails will run a skeleton platform, which can be pulled from side to side by the agency of steam or electricity. From this platform, which will be 160 feet above the quays, will depend steel wire ropes, which will support at the level of the river banks a slung carriage large enough to accommodate a tram car full of passengers, besides other vehicles.

It is intended that this novel form of bridge shall be in connection with the tram system at both sides of the river, so that passengers can be carried across the river without leaving their seats in the cars. The work of building the towers has already been commenced, and it is expected that the bridge will be open for traffic in 18 months' time. It is said that the only contrivance bearing any resemblance to this "pont transbordeur" is in operation at Bilbao.—Chambers' Journal.

The Colored Deacon's Figurative Prayer.

A white minister, after conducting services at a colored church, asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The brother in black offered a fervent appeal for the white brother and said: "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle det he spy out sin afar off. Put his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid be kerosene ile of salvashon and sot him on fire."—Roanoke News.

Discovery of Sulphur Mines.

It is said that the sulphur mines near Buckley, Wash., were discovered by a tamper, whose fire on a rock gave rise to such fumes that he was forced to move a long distance to escape suffocation.

Within the last decade the population of Europe has increased by about 30,000,000, of whom Russia contributed 12,510,000 and France only 67,000.

In a Sydney newspaper lately there was this advertisement: "Wanted, a man able to teach French and the piano and to look after a bull."

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State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

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Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
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Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

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Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
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Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

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DIVISION 9.

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Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

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Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
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DIVISION 13.

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Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 2435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

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Vice-President, John Kane.
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Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
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Meets First Sunday of each month in Michaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

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Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

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Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
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Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

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Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

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Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
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